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[PRICE TWOPENCE

## COMMON EVENTS.

DURING two years of a delicious portion of my life, my leisure was devoted to her whose life is now devoted to mine. Three or four evenings each week, and every Sunday, were considered as sacred to each other: we walked, talked, laughed, and whispered in perfect unison; went to church regularly, and returned, commenting on the services of the day. Reposing in one another mutual and entire confidence, and looking forward to a "common event" as the natural termination of our present attachment, we had no "lovers' quarrels," no fears, no jealousies; the course of our "true love" was as smooth as the surface of a placid lake on a summer's eve.

There was but one circumstance which threw a bitter into my gentle girl's cup of happiness and disturbed the serenity of her temper. In going and coming, we had to pass a house which contained a large family of grown-up daughters, and these had the idle habit of perpetually staring out from their parlour window into a quiet little street, whose chief events were the passing of the baker, the butcher, the beggar, or the ballad-singer. We, of course, were conspicuous objects for the "broad stares" of what the Scotch call "tawpies," an expressive word for idle, hoyden girls; and as the window was scarcely ever without a sentinel, our approach was telegraphed; "along the line the signal ran," and some seven or eight heads were presently seen bobbing over one another, like fish leaping in the water. Nothing annoyed my companion more than to have regularly to run the gauntlet of observation from these "idle creatures," as she rather bitterly termed them. She could not change a ribbon on her bonnet, or alter a boot-lace, without its being carefully noted. I knew, also, that I was diligently scrutinised by these diligent observers, who "read off," as the astronomers say, my air, aspect, height, walk, complexion, dress, &c. &c., not without an occasional sneering comparison (what an abominable thing it is for a young woman to sneer!)—the almost unfailing indication of a selfish disposition), but I did not mind it—or rather I liked the "joke." A coarse or a common mind would have enjoyed the triumph of having an attentive "bachelor" to parade regularly before half-a-dozen damsels, not one of whom could boast that a "bachelor" ever entered their door; but Eliza held the faith that *all* young women should be married, and comfortably married too; and therefore she shrank from provoking envy, where no envy should exist. Passing this, however, I may repeat that these girls were almost the only troublers of our quiet and happy courtship: but so sensitive was Eliza, that, as there was no other way of getting out of the street than by passing the window of the "tawpies," we have frequently sat till it was dark, and thereby lost our evening's walk, rather than go out in daylight and pass under the ordeal of observation.

The wedding-day was fixed, and time flew on. We were a "sensible" couple, and resolved that our wedding should be sober and sedate—a quiet breakfast with a few choice friends after the important ceremony, and a still quieter excursion. In fact, being so very "sensible," our imaginations vaulted beyond the wedding-day, and sketched out our future domestic felicity. Eliza wanted a nice little cottage "out of town," where, at the garden-gate, on summer evenings, she would watch for me as I returned fatigued from business; and I, on my part, saw my own dear wife, the "light and life" of my existence, moving about my own house,

more as an angel than a woman, and making my fireside radiant. Nay, we speculated, too, about our prospective family; and though Eliza blushed, and smiled and laughed, her imagination had already dressed up three or four delightful little creatures with "golden" hair, clear complexions, sparkling eyes, and loud, ringing, merry voices. Then we shook our heads about the awful responsibility of a family; and we laid down plans about how they were to be brought up, educated, and provided for; and we resolved to be economical in our expenses, correct in our deportment, and exact in all our doings—our prospective children were to become little models for the human race. What a deal of romance there is in the hearts of a fond young couple, to be gradually dissipated by broken china bowls, smashed toys, and a number of little *et ceteras*, "too numerous to mention!"

About three o'clock on a dark, dreary, stormy November morning, I was suddenly roused out of a profound sleep by somebody shaking my shoulder and flaring a candle in my face. When very fatigued, as was the case on the present occasion, I am, like some wild animals, difficult to be awakened, and usually stare in bewilderment before comprehension exerts its influence. "You did not hear me," said a voice; "I knocked first at the door, and then made bold to enter. You had better get up, sir, for mistress is becoming very bad."

The words of the summons were very indistinctly heard, but I knew the cause; so I drawled out, "Ye-es, I'll get up, immediately." So saying, I sank back in the bed, and was in an instant once more in a sound sleep.

I do not know whether I slept five minutes or an hour, but I was startled by a sharp clicking, caused by the sudden turning of the handle of the door, and the hasty re-entry of my disturber. "Oh, sir, you must get up, you must indeed! I'll leave the candle, sir, but you must be smart."

The voice was the voice of one of a privileged class, who, like the fools of the ancient time, sometimes presume on their prerogative. There was no time, however, for ceremony on the present occasion. "Yes, nurse," I replied, "I'll be up instantly;" and as at that moment a moan struck on my ear, proceeding from the adjoining bed-room, my heart spoke to my heels;—I was on the floor in a moment, and dressed in a minute.

The wind blew in gusts, the windows danced in their frames, and the rain plashed against the glass. My poor wife tried to hide her agony, and apologised for raising me, though the apology was interrupted by a scream. "Oh, my dear, I am so sorry—but nurse thinks the doctor should be sent for." The house shook, at that moment, to the very foundations. "Really, William, I cannot think of letting you out—you'll be killed by the falling of some chimney-top—send Mary."

Now, I had no particular fancy for going out; but to let the girl go rather jarred with my selfishness. "No, no, my dear, you'll require Mary yourself—I won't be many minutes."

"Well, William, wrap yourself up; take care of yourself. Nurse, go down and help him on with his great-coat—William, take care—oh!"

"Poor dear soul!" said I to myself, as I went out; "thinking of me in the midst of her own suffering. Well, after all, the women are a good set—I hope my poor wife will get well over it!"

In about ten minutes I was standing at the door of a corner

house, with my hand on the brass handle of a bell-pull, round which were engraved the words "Night Bell." It answered my rather vigorous pull with a loud and long-continued reverberation. Meantime I tried to shelter myself within the doorway, for the wind howled round me, and the rain battered and slashed at me, as if it were glad to get a solitary victim who could feel its violence. Nobody came. I rang again. Nobody answered. The interval might be five minutes, but at that moment I could have sworn in a court of justice that I had stood there half the night. I pulled the third time, and the bell seemed destined to ring for ever, while I made the knocker do the work of a sledge-hammer. At last a footstep shuffled along the passage; the door-chain rattled; the bolts were withdrawn; the key was turned, and a head, the front of which must have weighed heavy from the profusion of its papers, projected, like the Irishman's gun, "round the corner."

"Rouse up Dr. Nugent—tell him I want him."

"Oh, sir, he's out—but he left word he should be sent for. Are you from Angel-place, sir?"

"Yes, yes, yes—where is the doctor? I will go for him myself."

"At No. 20, Manchester Terrace—just turn round, and——"

The rest of the direction might or might not have been given. I knew whereabouts Manchester Terrace lay, so off I ran, at full gallop, facing wind and rain.

Arrived at the terrace, I saw a long row of houses, every door alike, every knocker alike, and every area alike. I began to doubt whether or not it were 20 or 30 I had to call at, and I paused to consider. The wind drove me onwards, and I began to get angry with myself; my anger only confused my recollection the more. I was now uncertain whether it might not be 36, or 46, or 56. "Drat babies, doctors, nurses, and all!" I exclaimed; "what the plague brings me here?" I looked upwards to see if I could discern any symptoms of bustle, or any glimmering indications that human beings were watching the agonies of human beings. Every window and every house seemed dark and silent as the grave. I now looked round for the watchman, or for anybody who by instinct or observation might help me to detect the presence of a doctor in some one of the "uniformities" of Manchester-terrace. Not a living soul could I see. I knocked at 36—no answer. I knocked at 46—the same result. In a passion I knocked and rang at 56, and presently high above-head I heard the whistling sound of a window thrown up, and a deep voice called out, "Well, sir, what do you want?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, I am afraid I am mistaken, but I thought Doctor Nugent was here."

"No!" thundered the voice, and the window thundered down after it.

Drenched with rain, and out of humour with myself, I blamed the flickering lamps for making me forget the number, and then resolved to run back and give the doctor's servant a good "blowing-up," which she would remember for some time. Turning the corner, I came in rather violent contact with a man wrapped in a cloak, and could have throttled him. Shame, however, succeeded to wrath when I discovered in my antagonist the "Doctor." I was in search of.

"Oh, doctor," said I, "this is lucky—I have been seeking for you like a fool, up and down here. Come along."

We walked for a little way in silence, for the doctor was a thoughtful man and had left a death-bed. I should talk, however. "Well, now, doctor, this circumstance of strangers coming home in the night-time is not very pleasant. I am rather out of humour with the joke."

"Sir," said the doctor, "your wife at home thinks it no joke, and I fancy she has the worst of the bargain. Do you not think, now, that if *your* safety, or even your comfort required it, she would go out for you, if it were raining cats and dogs?"

I need not record my answer, nor tell whether it were in the affirmative or negative. We shortly arrived at home; I went

down stairs to dry myself at the kitchen fire, and the doctor went up stairs to—his patient I was going to say, but that is not exactly the word.

By and bye, down came the nurse, her looks full of importance, but struggling to maintain her professional equanimity. A few orders were given to Mary, and Mary flew like a mad-cap, evincing by her excited manner how highly she estimated the honour of even a very humble share in the important proceedings. Then, approaching the fire, where I was standing, nurse muttered a "Beg your pardon, sir," in a tone which seemed to insinuate that I ought to beg *her* pardon and get out of the way. I never felt so insignificant in my life.

Left for some time to myself, I became uneasy, and went on the stairs to listen if "anybody were coming." I heard the bed-room door open, and presently a shrill scream announced the important fact that I was a papa, and the father of a child blessed with excellent lungs.

Mary now descended, her face as round and as full as the moon, and "wreathed with smiles." "I wish you much joy, sir; you have got a son." "Indeed, I am glad it is a boy." "Well then, sir, it is as pretty a baby as I have seen this many a day." I gave Mary half-a-crown. "Thank you, sir—well, I'm sure you will quite doat on the little dear—it's a fine baby, sir, and so large!"

The *size* of a baby is an essential ingredient in its value. So think the women; and, reader, if you ever visit on such an occasion, beware how you drop a syllable about the little thing being little, even if you should think it could be immersed in a pint vessel.

Up went Mary; and down she came again, to desire me to walk up to see my son. At the door the doctor met me, and we shook hands; and the nurse, sitting in all the glory of her state, called on me to come over and see what a fine little fellow he was. But I went to the mother first; kissed her, and she looked up in my face with such an aspect of *triumphant* affection, that I loved her more than ever. Then I went to visit my son. "Take him in your arms, sir," said the nurse; "isn't he a glorious little fellow?"

I had never in my life seen a new-born baby. I was the youngest of my father's family, and circumstances so happened that I had never seen a child younger than three weeks or a month old. I now felt shocked. Had it been any other person's child, I could have *philosophised* on the matter; but *my* child—*my* first-born—the child of her whom I had loved with all the ardour of a youth, and now with all the graver yet stronger attachment of a man—it was shocking—horrible. The little thing seemed so very little, measured by my usual habits of comparison,—it seemed so helpless, so miserable, and—the skin of its face hanging loosely—so like a little old man, and therefore so ugly—that I involuntarily turned away.

"Well now," exclaimed the nurse, who had marked the expression of my countenance, "what's the matter with master? Isn't it a pretty little dear?"

"No!" I replied rather fiercely, and walked away. My wife followed me with her eyes—she could not divine the cause. Mary and the nurse were in raptures with the child; both affirmed it to be so large and so pretty, and the doctor, though not so extravagant in his encomiums, still pronounced it to be a very healthy, fine boy. "Are you sorry it is born, William?" said my wife gently, while the tears were in her eyes. I now felt the necessity for acting the *hypocrite*, if I did not wish to agitate, perhaps dangerously, her whom I really loved. "No, no, Eliza, no, no! my feelings have been so much excited about you!" I kissed her again, and went over to look a second time at my son. The features were small and regular, and an experienced eye might easily have prognosticated that the child would *become* a very pretty child. But, as I gazed on it, the face became distorted, preliminary to a scream; and the idea of its smallness and its ugliness so fastened on me, that I was obliged to retreat from the room, under the pretence of faintness and fatigue.

In truth, it is a great mistake which the women commit in supposing that men generally feel interest in new-born babies. Whenever we hear a happy father chiming in with the chorus—"glorious little fellow—pretty little dear—great, stout, beautiful baby!" we set him down either as partly a fool, or partly enacting the hypocrite. The feeling of the MOTHER has been growing for months before the stranger makes its appearance, and her interest in it is identified with herself. But the feeling of the FATHER cannot properly be stirred till the little eyes begin to beam with intelligence, and a smile plays over the face of the child.

On coming home one afternoon, Mary opened the door sobbing convulsively. "Oh, sir! oh, sir! little Johnny!" I flew up stairs, and found my darling boy in a fit. He was then about fifteen months old—could toddle about the room—and was, to my apprehension, a singularly interesting and attractive child. From about the time that he was three months old, he had been gradually gaining on my affections, and now he was enshrined in my "heart of hearts." He lay on a pillow on his mother's knees; and the pale and passionless expression of her countenance too plainly told me that the shock had been sudden, and was serious enough to absorb her tears. The doctor, also, was present; a warm bath had been administered, and another was ordered. Seizing the doctor by the arm, I led him out of the room, and when out of hearing of the mother, I gasped out, "Tell me, sir, is my child in danger?"

"Yes," was the firm reply; "but while there is life, there is hope."

"Oh, don't talk to me about hope—is my child dying?"

"Compose yourself, my dear sir, and go down stairs for a few minutes: we are trying what we can do for him, and you must wait the result—children have many lives."

"Children have many lives!" I muttered, as I walked away. The idea of the death of my son was quite stupifying. I had left him in apparently robust health in the morning—that very day I had been speculating on his growing up, and becoming the little delightful babbling companion of my walks—and here he was in the jaws of death! If ever I prayed in earnestness, I prayed now—I went out into the garden, and looking up to the sky, prayed in convulsive, silent agony, that God would spare my child!

Towards evening he revived, though apparently much exhausted, having, in addition to successive warm baths, been copiously bled and blistered. Poor little fellow! he recognised his father, and stretched out his hands. I took him, in my arms, on his pillow, and walked with him up and down the room. "Are you better, my dear?" I said, and the little fellow smiled, as if thanking me for the interest I felt on his behalf. How my heart yearned!—I thought it had been impossible for me to feel deep interest on behalf of a young child, even if that child were my own. Now, I felt as if I could lay down untold money at the feet of the man who would save him.

The doctor was gone; but had left strict orders to be sent for if the slightest change should take place. The child fell into a placid slumber; and his mother and I sat down together, watching him with hope and fear. But towards the middle of the night a change took place—he became rapidly worse, and before morning dawned the "light of my eyes" was dead!

Some days afterwards, I went about my business as usual, and, amongst others, encountered an individual, with whom I was on intimate terms—a hearty, jocular man, and to whom a laugh was far more congenial than a tear. He first expressed his sympathy, but in a tone so ludicrous, that I could not resist a smile. Mistaking my smile for the absence of sorrow, he began to joke, and, in what he thought a very funny way, told me not to fret. From that moment my heart turned against him; and, at this distance of time, I still regard him as the brute who joked over the grave of my first-born.

#### FILIAL AFFECTION OF THE MOORS.

A PORTUGUESE surgeon was accosted one day by a young Moor from the country, who, addressing him by the usual appellation of foreign doctors in that place, requested him to give him some *drogues* to kill his father, and, as an inducement, promised to pay him well. The surgeon was a little surprised at first, as might be expected, and was unable to answer immediately; but quickly recovering himself (for he knew the manners of the people well), he replied with *sang-froid* equal to the Moor's, "Then you don't live comfortably with your father, I suppose?" "Oh, nothing can be better," returned the Moor; "he has made much money, has married me well, and endowed me with all his possessions; but he cannot work any longer, he is so old, and he seems unwilling to die." The doctor, of course, appreciated the value of the Moor's reasoning, and promised to give him what he desired. He accordingly prepared a cordial potion, more calculated to restore energy to the old man, than to take it away. The Moor paid him well, and departed. About eight days after, he came again, to say that his father was not dead. "Not dead!" exclaimed the apothecary, in well-feigned surprise; "he will die." He composed, accordingly, another draught, for which he received an equal remuneration, and assured the Moor that it would not fail in its effects. In fifteen days, however, the Moor came again, complaining that his father thrived better than ever. "Don't be discouraged," said the doctor, who doubtless found these periodical visits by no means unprofitable; "give him another potion, and I will exert all my skill in its preparation." The Moor took it, but returned no more. One day the surgeon met his young acquaintance in the street, and inquired the success of his remedy. "It was of no avail," he replied, mournfully; "my father is in excellent health. God has preserved him from all our efforts; there is no doubt now that he is a Marabout" (a saint).—*Monthly Magazine*.

#### ADVENTURES OF TWO BROTHERS DURING THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

##### NO. II.—ADVENTURES OF FREDERICK SAMMONS.

NOR less interesting, nor marked by fewer vicissitudes, were the adventures of Frederick Sammons. The flight from the fort at Chamblee was made just before sunset, which accounts for the chase having been abandoned so soon. On entering the edge of the woods, Frederick encountered a party of Indians returning to the fort from fatigue duty. Perceiving that he was a fugitive, they fired, and called out, "We have got him!" In this opinion, however, they were mistaken; for although he had run close upon them before perceiving them, yet, being like Asahel of old, swift of foot, by turning a short corner and increasing his speed, in ten minutes he was entirely clear of the party. He then sat down to rest, the blood gushing from his nose in consequence of the extent to which his physical powers had been taxed. At the time appointed, he also had repaired to the point which, at his separation from Jacob, had been agreed upon as the place of meeting. The moon shone brightly, and he called loud and often for his brother—so loud, indeed, that the guard was turned out in consequence. His anxiety was very great for his brother's safety; but, in ignorance of his situation, he was obliged to attend to his own. He determined, however, to approach the fort—as near to it, at least, as he could venture; and in the event of meeting any one, disguise his own character by inquiring whether the rebels had been taken. But a flash from the sentinel's musket, the report, and the noise of a second pursuit, compelled him to change the direction of his march, and proceed again with all possible speed. It had been determined by the brothers to cross the Sorel, and return to the east side of the river and lake; but there was a misunderstanding between them as to the point of crossing the river—whether above or below the fort. Hence their failure of meeting. Frederick repaired to what he supposed to be the designated place of crossing, below the fort, where he lingered for his brother until near morning. At length, having found a boat, he crossed over to the eastern shore, and landed just at the cock-crowing. He proceeded directly to the barn where he supposed chancier had raised his voice, but found not a fowl on the premises. The sheep looked too poor by the dim twilight to serve his purpose of food, but a bullock presenting a more favourable appearance, Frederick succeeded in cutting the unsuspecting animal's throat, and severing one of the hind quarters from the carcase, he shouldered and



marched off with it directly into the forest. Having proceeded to a safe and convenient distance, he stopped to dress his beef, cutting off what he supposed would be sufficient for the journey, and forming a knapsack from the skin, by the aid of bark peeled from the moose-wood.

Resuming his journey, he arrived at the house of a French family, within the distance of five or six miles. Here he made bold to enter, for the purpose of procuring bread and salt, and in the hope also of obtaining a gun and ammunition. But he could neither obtain provisions, nor make the people understand a word he uttered. He found means, however, to prepare some tinder, with which he re-entered the woods, and hastened forward in a southern direction, until he ascertained, by the firing of the evening guns, that he had passed St. John's. Halting for the night, he struck a light; and having kindled a fire, occupied himself until morning in drying and smoking his beef, cutting it into slices for that purpose. His knapsack of raw hide was cured by the same process. Thus prepared, he proceeded onward without interruption or adventure until the third day, when he killed a fawn, and secured the venison. He crossed the Winooski, or Onion river, on the next day; and having discovered a man's name carved upon a tree, together with the distance from the Lake (Champlain), eight miles, he bent his course for its shores, where he found a canoe with paddles. There was now a prospect of lessening the fatigue of his journey; but his canoe had scarce begun to dance upon the waters ere it parted asunder, and he was compelled to hasten ashore and continue his march by land.

At the close of the seventh day, and when, as he supposed, he was within two days' travel of a settlement, he kindled his fire, and lay down to rest in fine health and spirits. But ere the dawn of day, he awoke with racking pains, which proved to be an attack of pleurisy. A drenching rain came on, continuing three days; during which time he lay helpless, in dreadful agony, without fire, or shelter, or sustenance of any kind. On the fourth day, his pain having abated, he attempted to eat a morsel, but his provisions had become too offensive to be swallowed. His thirst being intense, he fortunately discovered a pool of water near by, to which he crawled. It was a stagnant pool, swarming with frogs; another providential circumstance, inasmuch as the latter served him for food. Too weak, however, to strike a light, he was compelled to devour them raw, and without dressing of any kind. Unable to proceed, he lay in this wretched condition fourteen days. Supposing that he should die there, he succeeded in hanging his hat upon a pole, with a few papers, in order that, if discovered, his fate might be known. He was lying upon a high bluff, in full view of the lake, and at no great distance therefrom. The hat thus elevated served as a signal, which saved his life. A vessel sailing past, descried the hat, and sent a boat ashore to ascertain the cause. The boatmen discovered the body of a man, yet living, but senseless and speechless, and transferred him to the vessel. By the aid of medical attendance he was slowly restored to his reason, and having informed the captain who he was, had the rather uncomfortable satisfaction of learning that he was on board of an enemy's ship, and at that moment lying at Crown Point. Here he remained sixteen days, in the course of which time he had the gratification to hear, from a party of Tories coming from the settlements, that his brother Jacob had arrived safe at Schenectady, and joined his family. He was also apprised of Jacob's sufferings, and of the bite of the serpent, which took place near Otter Creek, close by the place where he had himself been so long sick. The brothers were therefore near together at the time of the greatest peril and endurance of both.

Frederick's recovery was very slow. Before he was able to walk, he was taken to St. John's, and thence, partly on a wheelbarrow, and partly in a calash, carried back to his old quarters at Chamblee—experiencing much rough usage by the way. On arriving at the fortress, the guards saluted him by the title of "Captain Lightfoot," and there was great joy at his recapture. It was now about the 1st of August. As soon as his health was sufficiently recovered to bear it, he was heavily ironed, and kept in close confinement at that place until October 1781—fourteen months, without once beholding the light of the sun. Between St. John's and Chamblee he had been met by a British officer with whom he was acquainted, and by whom he was informed that severe treatment would be his portion. Compassionating his situation, however, the officer slipped a guinea and a couple of dollars into his hands, and they moved on.

No other prisoners were in irons at Chamblee, and all but Sammons were taken upon the parade-ground twice a week, for

the benefit of fresh air. The irons were so heavy and so tight as to wear into the flesh of his legs; and so incensed was Captain Steele, the officer of the 32d regiment, yet commanding the garrison at Chamblee, at the escape of his prisoner, that he would not allow the surgeon to remove the irons to dress the wounds of which they were the cause, until a peremptory order was procured for that purpose from General St. Leger, who was then at St. John's. The humanity of the surgeon prompted this application of his own accord. Even then, however, Steele would only allow the leg-bolts to be knocked off—still keeping on the hand-cuffs. The dressing of his legs was a severe operation. The iron had eaten to the bone, and the gangrened flesh was of course to be removed. One of the legs ultimately healed up, but the other has never been entirely well to this day\*.

In the month of November 1781, the prisoners were transferred from Chamblee to an island in the St. Lawrence, called at that time Prison Island—situated in the rapids some distance above Montreal. Sammons was compelled to travel in his hand-cuffs, but the other prisoners were not thus encumbered. There were about two hundred prisoners on the island, all of whom were very closely guarded. In the spring of 1782, Sammons organised a conspiracy with nine of his fellow-prisoners, to make their escape, by seizing a provision-boat, and had well nigh effected their object. Being discovered, however, their purpose was defeated, and Sammons, as the ringleader, once more placed in irons; but at the end of five weeks the irons were removed, and he was allowed to return to his hut.

Impatient of such protracted captivity, Frederick was still bent on escape, for which purpose he induced a fellow-prisoner, by the name of M'Mullen, to join him in the daring exploit of seeking an opportunity to plunge into the river, and taking their chance of swimming to the shore. A favourable moment for attempting the bold adventure was afforded on the 17th of August. The prisoners having, to the number of fifty, been allowed to walk to the foot of the island, but around the whole of which a chain of sentinels was extended, Sammons and M'Mullen, without having conferred with any one else, watching an opportunity when the nearest sentinel turned his back upon them, quietly glided down beneath a shelving rock, and plunged into the stream—each holding up and waving a hand in token of farewell to their fellow-prisoners, as the surge swept them rapidly down the stream. The sentinel was distant about six rods when they threw themselves into the river, and did not discover their escape until they were beyond the reach of any molestation he could offer them. Three-quarters of a mile below the island, the rapids were such as to heave the river into swells too large for boats to encounter. This was a frightful part of their voyage; both, however, were expert swimmers, and by diving as they approached each successive surge, both succeeded in making the perilous passage—the distance of this rapid being about 150 rods. As they plunged successively into these rapids, they had little expectation of meeting each other again in this world; but a protecting Providence ordered it otherwise, and they emerged from the frightful billows quite near together. "I am glad to see you," said Sammons to his friend; "I feared we should not meet again." "We have had a merry ride of it," replied the other; "but we could not have stood it much longer."

The adventurous fellows attempted to land about two miles below the island, but the current was so violent as to baffle their purpose, and they were driven two miles farther, where they happily succeeded in reaching the land, at a place on the north side of the St. Lawrence, called by the Canadians "The Devil's Point." A cluster of houses stood near the river, into some of which it was necessary the fugitives should go to procure provisions. They had preserved each a knife and tinder-box in their waistcoat pockets, and one of the first objects, after arming themselves with substantial clubs, was to procure a supply of tinder. This was effected by boldly entering a house, and rummaging an old lady's work-basket. The good woman, frightened at the appearance of the visitors, ran out and alarmed the village, the inhabitants of which were French. In the mean time they searched the house for provisions, fire-arms, and ammunition, but found none of the latter, and only a single loaf of bread. They also plundered the house of a blanket, blanket-coat, and a few other articles of clothing. By this time the people began to collect in such numbers, that a precipitate retreat was deemed advisable. M'Mullen, being seized by two Canadians, was only released

\* April, 1837—fifty-six years ago! Frederick Sammons is yet living, and otherwise well; and was chosen one of the electors of president and vice-president of the United States in November 1836.

from their grasp by the well-directed blows of Frederick's club. They both then commenced running for the woods, when Sammons, encumbered with his luggage, unluckily fell, and the loaf rolled away from him. The peasants now rushed upon them, and their only course was to give battle, which they prepared to do in earnest; whereupon, seeing their resolution, the pursuers retreated almost as rapidly as they had advanced. This demonstration gave the fugitives time to collect and arrange their plunder, and commence their travels anew. Taking to the woods, they found a resting-place, where they halted until nightfall. They then sallied forth once more in search of provisions, with which it was necessary to provide themselves before crossing to the south side of the river, where at that day there were no settlements. The cattle fled at their approach; but they at length came upon a calf in a farmyard, which they captured, and appropriating to their own use and behoof a canoe moored in the river, they embarked with their prize, to cross over to the southern shore. But, alas! when in the middle of the stream their paddle broke, and they were in a measure left to the mercy of the flood, which was hurrying them onward, as they very well knew, towards the rapids or falls of the Cedars. There was an island above the rapids, from the brink of which a tree had fallen into the river. Fortunately, the canoe was swept by the current into the branches of this tree-top, among which it became entangled. While struggling in this predicament the canoe was upset; being near shore, however, the navigators got to land without losing the calf. Striking a fire, they now dressed their veal, and on the following morning, by towing their canoe along shore round to the south edge of the island, succeeded in crossing to their own side of the river. They then plunged directly into the unbroken forest, extending from the St. Lawrence to the Sacandaga, and, after a journey of twelve days of excessive hardship, emerged from the woods within six miles of the point for which, without chart or compass, Sammons had laid his course. Their provisions lasted but a few days, and their only subsequent food consisted of roots and herbs. The whole journey was made almost in a state of nudity, both being destitute of pantaloons. Having worn out their hats upon their feet, the last three days they were compelled to travel barefooted. Long before their journey was ended, therefore, their feet were dreadfully lacerated and swollen. On arriving at Schenectady, the inhabitants were alarmed at their wild and savage appearance—half naked, with lengthened beards and matted hair. The people at length gathered round them with strange curiosity; but when they made themselves known, a lady named Ellis rushed through the crowd to grasp the hand of Frederick, and was so much affected at his altered appearance that she fainted and fell. The welcome fugitives were forthwith supplied with whatever of food and raiment was necessary; and young Sammons learned that his father and family had removed back to Marletown, in the county of Ulster, whence he had previously emigrated to Johnstown.

#### STUDY OF ASTRONOMY.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL was the second son of a musician at Hanover, and his early life was spent in connexion with the musical profession, though few correct particulars respecting it are known. It is stated that he began to turn his attention to astronomy while he was resident at Bath, as organist of the Octagon Chapel; and having devoted himself for many years to the study of its principles and details theoretically and practically, he became gradually known to a small circle, as an almost self-taught astronomer of no mean pretensions. In 1780, he began to contribute to the Philosophical Transactions; and in 1781 announced that he had discovered a new comet—which, by creating an "immense sensation," drew him out from his obscurity, paved the way for his future prosperity, and, by removing the obstacles in his career, enabled him, doubtless, to enrich science with discoveries which he, perhaps, would never have been able to accomplish, had he been left to struggle through life unaided.

Herschel was made private astronomer to George III. with a salary of 400*l*. He established his residence at Datchet, and afterwards at Slough, near Windsor, where he erected his stupendous telescope—a forty-feet reflecting telescope, "the apparatus for supporting and directing which strikes the eye of the traveller in passing through Slough."

The supposed comet which drew Herschel into public notice turned out to be a planet—an addition to our solar system. He called it "Georgium Sidus," in honour of his royal patron, and, as he expressed it, "as an appellation which will conveniently convey the time and country where and when it was brought to

view." But this appellation has not permanently attached itself to the planet. It has been called after the discoverer himself, but is now more generally termed Uranus.

Sir William Herschel's future life was spent in enriching astronomical science with extraordinary discoveries and speculations—gradually familiarising the minds of even men of science themselves with ideas and facts which before his time would have appeared almost too daring to be entertained. He died in 1822, leaving one son, Sir John Herschel, the most eminent of the scientific men of the present day.

Sir John Herschel is not reckoned a great astronomer because his father was one. In this case, we have one of the rare instances of father and son becoming famous in the same pursuits—they have each their distinct reputation, and yet doubtless the one reflects glory on the other. Sir John Herschel's mind is like a deep river, which, to a casual observer, seems comparatively shallow from its extreme clearness. His profound knowledge he communicates with an ease, a plainness, and a docility, which entitle him to a reverential affection from all who value the combination of wisdom, earnestness of purpose, and simplicity of character.

We have thus told our young readers something about Sir John Herschel, in introducing to them his well-known "Treatise on Astronomy," in Lardner's Cyclopaedia. Plain and practical as it is, however, there is a class who could not enter on its study with understanding, even though it is divested, as far as possible, of technical details. The cause is explained by Sir John Herschel himself, in the work alluded to. A very slight knowledge of a few elementary mathematical principles will enable a reader of ordinary understanding to follow the author, and to comprehend his reasonings: but to those who are wholly destitute of that knowledge there is a difficulty at the very threshold of the study of astronomy.

To young readers, then, about to enter on the study of astronomy, and who seek only to get such a mere general knowledge of it as may satisfy their own minds, we would say, in the first place. Acquire a knowledge, however slight it may be, of the elements of mathematics. Your mind may not be of a mathematical turn, and there may not be the slightest prospect of your deriving any positive advantage from posing your brains with the "First Book of Euclid." No matter; try and go over it; it is worth your while. You cannot stir in astronomy without knowing something of the properties of the circle and the triangle. He, therefore, who wishes to comprehend the "reasons" on which astronomy is based, will acquire this preliminary knowledge, without which it is useless for him to enter on the study. After he has acquired it, and after he has studied an astronomical work, he may be far—very far, indeed—from having the smallest pretensions to the name of astronomer. But he will be in possession of a few of the "fundamentals" of the science; he stands on the same platform with the astronomer himself; he can follow him, as he ascends his "Jacob's ladder," till he loses him in the clouds: but he has this satisfaction, that he sees the ground on which the "ladder" rests, and is quite assured that it is no mere vision of a speculator.

In the words of Sir John Herschel, a popular treatise, such as he describes his own to be, on astronomy, can have no other pretension than to place its readers "on the threshold of this particular wing of the temple of science, or rather on an eminence exterior to it, whence they may obtain something like a general notion of its structure; or, at most, to give those who may wish to enter a ground-plan of its accesses, and put them in possession of the pass-word. Admission to its sanctuary, and to the privileges and feelings of a votary, is only to be gained by one means—[mark, reader, the italics, for they are Sir John Herschel's own—his mode of giving additional emphasis to his words]—*a sound and sufficient knowledge of mathematics, the great instrument of all exact inquiry, without which no man can ever make such advances in this or any other of the higher departments of science as can entitle him to form an independent opinion on any subject of discussion within their range.* It is not without an effort that those who possess this knowledge can communicate on such subjects with those who do not, and adapt their language and their illustrations to the necessities of such an intercourse. Propositions which to the one are almost identical, are theorems of import and difficulty to the other; nor is their evidence presented in the same way to the mind of each. In teaching such propositions, under such circumstances, the appeal has to be made, not to the pure and abstract reason, but to the sense of analogy—to practice and experience: principles and modes of action have to be established, not by direct argument from acknowledged axioms,

but by bringing forward and dwelling on simple and familiar instances in which the same principles and the same or similar modes of action take place; thus erecting, as it were, in each particular case, a separate induction, and constructing at each step a little body of science to meet its exigencies. The difference is that of pioneering a road through an untraversed country, and advancing at ease along a broad and beaten highway; that is to say, if we are determined to make ourselves understood, and will appeal to reason at all."

In our cloudy climate, a man must be somewhat of an enthusiast who can stand out on a piercing night and "study Astronomy" by gazing up at the stars. How different in those regions where we can lie on our backs until the day melts into night, and form the dazzling bright stars into a thousand shapes, until sleep seals our eyelids! *There*, the constellations have something like a meaning; *here*, they are ridiculous. Such of our readers, therefore, who may have listened to an itinerant lecturer, and been amused and confused by some ugly transparency representing the signs of the zodiac, had better dismiss from their minds all the men and brutes in the heavens, and just regard the stars as stars. These "uncouth figures," says Sir John Herschel, "and outlines of men and monsters, which are usually scribbled over celestial globes and maps, and serve, in a rude and barbarous way, to enable us to talk of groups of stars, or districts in the heavens, by names which, though absurd or puerile in their origin, have obtained a currency from which it would be difficult, and perhaps wrong, to dislodge them,—in so far as they really have (as some have) any slight resemblance to the figures called up in imagination by a view of the more splendid constellations, they have a certain convenience; but as they are otherwise entirely arbitrary, and correspond to no *natural* subdivisions or groupings of the stars, astronomers treat them lightly, or altogether disregard them, except for briefly naming remarkable stars, as a Leonis,  $\beta$  Scorpii, &c. &c., by letters of the Greek alphabet attached to them. This disregard," he adds, "is neither supercilious nor causeless. The constellations seem to have been almost purposely named and delineated to cause as much confusion and inconvenience as possible. Innumerable snakes twine through long and contorted areas of the heavens, where no memory can follow them; bears, lions, and fishes, large and small, northern and southern, confuse all nomenclature, &c. A better system of constellations might have been a material help as an artificial memory."

If once we fairly master the idea of our earth being a *floating globe*—or, in other words, a wandering star, a planet—we have laid a foundation for our astronomical knowledge. This is now considered to enter into the education of our youth, as much as a knowledge of the shapes of the letters of the alphabet. Some of the popular arguments for the rotundity of the earth are easy enough—such as, where do sun and stars go, when they set in the west and rise in the east? The earth cannot be an extended plain, for if it is, the heavenly bodies must penetrate it every twelve hours. Or—how do vessels appear to rise out of the sea, or sink into it, as they approach or recede from our view? The largest and most solid portion of a vessel, the hull, is the first to disappear and the last to appear, while the masts and sails are the last to disappear and the first to appear; and this takes place at a point where, if the sea lay as an extended level, the eye could see beyond. These are common and popular illustrations; and there are others, such as that of vessels sailing round about the globe, and losing or gaining a day in their reckoning, &c. But how many of our younger readers, who are familiar with the popular arguments for the globular form of the earth, could sit down on the instant and *demonstrate* the fact? They can only do so by being acquainted with some of the properties of the circle and triangle; that is, by having a hold of some of the simple, elementary truths of mathematics; and then they can make the fact as *undeniable* as the fact that the earth is a reality.

From being able to *demonstrate* that the earth is globular, the transition would be easy to master the general proof that it moves, or that it is a *revolving* and a *floating* globe. This would be a great triumph to the young student, and worth any mental exertion which it may cost him. There are popular arguments for this, too, which are easy. Either the sun and the stars fly over our heads, and pass under the earth, every day and night, or the earth turns round. The one idea makes a much larger draft on our reason than the other. Although, to our senses, the earth appears immutably fixed, and the heavenly bodies appear all visibly to move, yet when we bear in mind the previously-proved fact that the earth is globular, we can explain the phenomena by the simple fact of the earth turning round. From a diurnal

motion of the earth, we can go to an annual one. If the earth is globular and revolves on its axis, is it affixed to anything, like a coach-wheel, or does it turn on a pivot? Not being affixed to anything, and yet revolving every twenty-four hours on its axis, we can easily go to an annual motion, or a revolution in a space of time called a year, through a portion of the heavens, called the orbit of the earth.

Our advice, then, to the young reader, desirous of gaining a slight knowledge of astronomy, such as would be satisfactory to an inquiring mind, is this:—first, acquire some knowledge, however slight, of the elements of mathematics. There are certain affirmations, called axioms, or matters to be received as self-evident, such as the definition of a point, a straight line, or a circle. By the aid of these definitions, other things are proved; such as, that all lines drawn from the centre of a circle to its circumference are of equal length, &c. Second, having got a slight but satisfactory idea of these elements of mathematics, apply this knowledge to the *demonstration* of the fact that the earth is globular, and to the *proof* of the facts that it has a diurnal and an annual motion. If these are laid down in the mind with anything like certainty, the student is prepared to ascend higher, and to become familiar with facts and speculations the most astounding with which the human intellect can deal.

The inducements to a study of astronomy lie on the very surface of the subject, and are sprinkled over all books and lectures. Day and night "the heavens are telling" of a universe within our inspection and yet beyond our reach; and to send the mind out on a voyage amongst the stars is one of the most exalting and yet humbling of mental exercises. The eye and the hand of the astronomer unfold that which even his imagination fails to conceive. Strange that the human eye, looking through an instrument, the work of human hands, can descry a universe, whose vastness the human mind cannot comprehend! And yet even all that the telescope of a Herschel reveals to us—even that "Milky Way," which, when examined, "is found (wonderful to relate!) to consist entirely of stars scattered by millions, like glittering dust, on the black ground of the general heavens"—may be but a small portion of the universe. No wonder that even a Newton is reported to have said, that he had been all his life like a child gathering pebbles on the sea-shore, while the vast ocean of Truth lay undiscovered before him\*!

#### PASSPORT PERPLEXITIES.

THE following lively account of the difficulties experienced by Mr. Lieber, well known as the author of "Political Ethics," &c., in making his way from Ancona to Rome in spite of an insufficient passport, and of his subsequent introduction to Niebuhr, the justly celebrated diplomatist and historian, then resident at Rome as Prussian ambassador; is extracted from "Reminiscences of an Intercourse with George Berthold Niebuhr, the historian of Rome," written by Mr. Lieber, who had ample opportunities, during a long residence with that extraordinary man, of becoming intimately acquainted with him, and has in his "Reminiscences" produced a valuable as well as very amusing volume:—

I went in the year 1821 to Greece, led by youthful ardour to assist the oppressed and struggling descendants of that people whom all civilised nations love and admire. After having suffered many hardships and bitter disappointments, and finding it impossible either to fight or to procure the means for a bare subsistence, however small, I resolved in 1822 to return, as so many other Philhellenes were obliged to do. The small sum which I had obtained by selling nearly every article I possessed, was rapidly dwindling away: I should have died of hunger had I remained longer. Before, therefore, my money was entirely exhausted, I took passage at Messalunghi, in a small vessel bound for Ancona. One scudo and a half was all that remained in my purse after I had paid the commander of the tartan—a price which was very high for the poor accommodation, or rather absence of all accommodation, but only natural, considering my helpless state, and that the commander of the vessel was a Greek. We had a rough passage, during which we were obliged to seek shelter in the bay of Gorzola, on the coast of Dalmatia; and on Easter-eve we entered the port of Ancona. I remembered having heard from a fellow-student of mine in Germany, that he intended to abandon the pandects and follow the fine arts: if he had done so, I concluded he would be

\* There was an article termed "Faith in Astronomy," in No. 22 of the *London Saturday Journal*.



by this time in Rome. In a letter, therefore, to one of the first artists in that city, whom I knew only by reputation, I inclosed another to my friend, hoping that the former might have happened to hear of him. In this letter I asked for money to enable me to defray the expenses of the quarantine: should I be unable to do this, the captain who had brought me would have been bound to pay my expenses, and I should have been obliged to pay him by serving on board his vessel. This regulation is fair enough. Caution prohibits anything being touched which comes from persons in quarantine; the establishment, therefore, must furnish articles of comfort and sustenance on credit, which would be often abused if the quarantine establishment had not the right to look to the captain, and the captain to the passenger.

There was then a fair chance that I should have to work for some time as a sailor on board a Greek vessel, until we should go to anchor in some large port, where I might find a consul of my own nation, to whom I could disclose my situation, and who would feel disposed to assist me until I could obtain from home the means of returning. But my friend happened to be at Rome and to have money, and, with the promptness of a German student, sent me all he possessed at the time.

Unfortunately, an old woman who had come with us from Greece died shortly after we entered into quarantine, and we were sentenced to full forty days' *contumacia*. At length the day of liberty arrived. My intention was, of course, to go to Rome; and no sooner had we *pratica*,—as the Italians so justly call this permission to go where you like, all confinement being but a life in theory,—than I went to the police-office to ask for the necessary signature to my passport for Rome.

My passport happened to be in wretched disorder. When I resolved on going to Greece, I lived in Dresden, not unwatched, as I had but lately left the prison, where I had been confined for political reasons. It was impossible for me to obtain a passport for any length of time, and particularly for a journey to France: yet I had to make my way to Marseilles, where I intended to embark for Greece. I took, therefore, a passport for a journey to Nuremberg, and for the short period of a fortnight only. Once in possession of this paper, I emptied an inkstand over the words which declared it to be limited to so short a space of time. I then had it signed in every small place on my route to Nuremberg, so that it finally looked formidable enough. When I arrived there, I accounted for the defacing ink-blot by the awkwardness of the police-officer of some precious *bureau*, and got the paper signed for Munich. There I chose the time when the chief officers of my legation would probably be gone to dinner, to have it farther signed for Switzerland, pretending to be in a great hurry. It was signed. I passed through Switzerland; and on the French frontier I received, according to rule, a provisional passport, the other being taken from me to be sent to Paris; from thence it would be forwarded to any place I should indicate. It will be easily supposed that I never cared to receive back the original passport, and it was the provisional French paper with which I had to make my way through the police-office at Ancona.

There was thus an immense gap in my passport; in addition to which, the police-officer, a very polite man, declared that but a few days previously they had received an order from Rome, not to sign the passport of any person coming from Greece except for a direct journey home. I was thunderstruck.

"Would you prevent me from seeing Rome?" said I, probably with an expression which showed the intension of my disappointment; for the officer replied in a kind tone, "You see, *carissimo mio*, I cannot do otherwise. You are a Prussian, and I must direct your passport home to Germany. I will direct it to Florence: your minister there may direct it back to Rome. Or I will direct it to any place in Tuscany which you may choose; for through Tuscany you must travel in order to reach Germany."

I think I never felt more wretched than on leaving the police-office. I had sailed for Greece from Marseilles, and had now returned to Ancona. Had I made my way round Rome without seeing the Eternal City—without seeing her perhaps ever in my life?

A Danish gentleman, who had gone to Greece for the same purpose as myself, who had sailed with me from Messalunghi, and with whom I now had taken lodgings, felt equally disappointed. We went home and threw ourselves on the only bed in our room in silent despair. Could we venture to go to Rome without passports? We should certainly be impeded in our way by gendarmes, particularly as our shabby dress was far from removing all suspicion from these watchful servants of public safety. We could think of no means of obtaining the object of our most ardent wishes,

and yet we could not resolve to abandon it. Thus lying and meditating, I took up, mechanically, a map of Italy: we gazed at it, and our disappointment became but the keener while the classic ground with its thousand associations was thus strikingly represented before our eyes. Suddenly an idea struck us, which showed one possible means of realising our almost hopeless desire.

The map pointed out to us how near the south-western frontier line of Tuscany approaches to Rome. The road from Ancona to Orbitello, a Tuscan place, we thought was nearly the same as that of Rome. Once near the city, we did not doubt that we might contrive to get into it; and once there, means would be found to remain there.

I started back immediately to the police-office, pretended to have received a letter which informed me of a friend of mine being at Orbitello, and requested the officer to direct my passport to that place. "Orbitello," I added, "is in Tuscany, you know." Italians generally, as is well known, are exceedingly poor geographers; and the gentleman upon whom at this moment the gratification of my fondest wishes depended, inquired of another officer in an adjoining room, whether Orbitello was in Tuscany or belonged to the Papal territory. I went into the next room, showed with a trembling hand that Orbitello was situated within the colour which distinguished on the map Tuscany from the other states of Italy;—it was green, I recollect well;—and, to my infinite joy, this gentleman replied, "Yes, sir, it belongs to Tuscany."—"Then direct the passport of the two gentlemen to that place," was the delightful answer; and I hurried away with it from the office, not to betray my emotion.

Whether my anxiety to get to Rome had won us the good graces of these gentlemen of the police, or whatever else may have been the cause, certain it is that they treated us with much kindness; though I should have blamed no one for keeping at a respectful distance from us, shabby as our whole exterior was. The officer whom I had had the good luck to teach geography, extended his politeness even so far as to invite us to take a ride with him: which we, however, prudently declined.

A vetturino was hired, and we left Ancona as soon as possible. At Nepi we had to inform the coachman that we intended to go to Rome, and not to Orbitello, as the roads divide a few miles beyond Nepi, at the *Colonetta*. A trifle smoothed over his objections; and when we were near Rome, we jumped out of the carriage, directed the vetturino to retain our knapsacks until we should call for them, and entered the Porta del Popolo as if the porticoes of the churches near it and the obelisk were nothing new to us. My heart beat as we approached the tame-looking sentinel of the Papal troops, more than it ever had beaten at the approach of any grenadier of the enemy; and the delight I experienced when I had safely passed him, and felt and saw I was in Rome, is indescribable.

I found the friend whom I have already mentioned: he shared his room with me. After I had somewhat recovered from the first excitement caused by the pleasure of seeing him, and a rapid glance at the wonders of Rome, and the consciousness of treading her hallowed ground, I reflected on my situation. I could not reside at Rome for any length of time without having permission from the police. This, again, I could not obtain without a certificate from the minister of my country that my passport was in order. The very contrary was the case, as the reader knows: in fact, I was ashamed to show my passport at the Prussian legation. I resolved, therefore, on disclosing frankly my situation to the minister, Mr. Niebuhr; hoping that a scholar who had written the history of Rome could not be so cruel as to drive me from Rome without allowing me time to see and study it. Yet I did not go to the Prussian legation without some fear; for should I be unsuccessful, it was clear that I should be deprived of the residence even of a few weeks at this most interesting of all spots on the face of the globe, which I might have enjoyed before the police regulations would have been applied to me. I knew nothing personally of Mr. Niebuhr; nor whether he would consider himself authorised to grant my wishes, however easy it might be for him to understand all their ardour. He knew nothing of me; and then, how should I appear before him? Certainly not in a very prepossessing condition.

The Prussian minister resided at the Palazzo Orsini, or, as it is equally often called, Teatro di Marcello; for the palace is on and within the remains of the theatre which Augustus built, and dedicated to his nephew Marcellus. My heart grew heavier the nearer I approached this venerable pile, to which a whole history is attached, from the times of antiquity, through the middle ages, when it served as a castle to its proud inmates, and down to the most recent times.

I did not see the minister; he was busily engaged; but the secretary of the legation received me with a humanity which made my heart thrill, heightened as was its effect by the contrast with all I had lately experienced. I told my story plainly: he went to the minister, and returned with a paper written in his own hand, on showing which the Papal police were to give me the necessary permission to reside in Rome:—"For," said he, "it is clear that without means you cannot proceed; and as you are probably in want of funds necessary for the moment, the minister has directed me to hand you this as a loan. You can take it without any unpleasant feeling, as it is part of a sum which Prince Henry (brother to the reigning king, then residing in Rome) has placed at the disposal of Mr. Niebuhr for the assistance of gentlemen who might return from Greece. Prince Henry, of course, does not wish to know the names of those who have been assisted by his means; so you need feel no scruples."

I had to make yet another request. I was anxious to read Mr. Niebuhr's History of Rome in Rome, and had been unsuccessful in obtaining a copy; I therefore asked whether I might borrow one from Mr. Niebuhr's library. Here my frankness embarrassed the secretary, and he very justly observed that the minister, after all, knew as yet nothing of me. I felt the propriety of his remark, and answered, that I was so desirous of reperusing the work just at this moment, that I had considered it due to myself to make so bold a request, though I was aware I had nothing upon which I could found any hope of success except the honesty of my purpose. He advised me to ask the minister myself, which I might do the following day at a certain hour when he had expressed a wish to see me.

When I went the next morning at the appointed time, as I thought, Mr. Niebuhr met me on the stairs, being on the point of going out. He received me with kindness and affability, returned with me to his room, made me relate my whole story, and appeared much pleased that I could give him some information respecting Greece, which seemed to be not void of interest to him. Our conversation lasted several hours, when he broke off, asking me to return to dinner. I hesitated in accepting the invitation, which he seemed unable to understand. He probably thought that a person in my situation ought to be glad to receive an invitation of this kind; and, in fact, any one might feel gratified in being asked to dine with him, especially in Rome. When I saw that my motive for declining so flattering an invitation was not understood, I said, throwing a glance at my dress, "Really, sir, I am not in a state to dine with an excellency." He stamped with his foot, and said with some animation, "Are diplomatists always believed to be so cold-hearted? I am the same that I was in Berlin when I delivered my lectures: your remark was wrong." No argument could be urged against such reasons.

I recollect that dinner with delight. His conversation, abounding in rich and various knowledge and striking observations; his great kindness; the acquaintance I made with Mrs. Niebuhr; his lovely and interesting children; a good dinner (which I had not enjoyed for a long time) in a high vaulted room, the ceiling of which was painted in the style of Italian palaces; a picture by the mild Francia close by; the sound of the murmuring fountain in the garden, and the refreshing beverages in coolers, which I had seen but the day before represented in some of the most masterly pictures of the Italian schools;—in short, my consciousness of being at dinner with Niebuhr in his house in Rome—and all this in so bold relief to my late and not unfrequently disgusting sufferings, would have rendered the moment one of almost perfect enjoyment and happiness, had it not been for an annoyance which, I have no doubt, will appear here a mere trifle. However, reality often widely differs from its description on paper. Objects of great effect for the moment become light as air, and others, shadows and vapours in reality, swell into matters of weighty consideration when subjected to the recording pen;—a truth, by the way, which applies to our daily life, as well as to transactions of powerful effect;—and it is, therefore, the sifting tact which constitutes one of the most necessary yet difficult requisites for a sound historian.

My dress consisted as yet of nothing better than a pair of unblacked shoes, such as are not unfrequently worn in the Levant; a pair of socks of coarse Greek wool; the brownish pantaloons frequently worn by sea-captains in the Mediterranean; and a blue frock-coat, through which two balls had passed—a fate to which the blue cloth cap had likewise been exposed. The socks were exceedingly short, hardly covered my ankles, and so indeed were the pantaloons; so that when I was in a sitting position they refused me the charity of meeting, with an obstinacy which

reminded me of the irreconcilable temper of the two brothers in Schiller's *Bride of Messina*. There happened to dine with Mr. Niebuhr another lady besides Mrs. Niebuhr; and my embarrassment was not small when, towards the conclusion of the dinner, the children rose and played about on the ground, and I saw my poor extremities exposed to all the frank remarks of quick-sighted childhood; fearing as I did, at the same time, the still more trying moments after dinner, when I should be obliged to take coffee near the ladies, unprotected by the kindly shelter of the table. Mr. Niebuhr observed perhaps that something embarrassed me, and he redoubled, if possible, his kindness.

After dinner he proposed a walk, and asked the ladies to accompany us. I pitied them; but as a gentleman of their acquaintance had dropped in by this time, who gladly accepted the offer to walk with us, they were spared the mortification of taking my arm. Mr. Niebuhr, probably remembering what I had said of my own appearance in the morning, put his arm under mine, and thus walked with me for a long time. After our return, when I intended to take leave, he asked me whether I wished for anything. I said I should like to borrow his History. He had but one copy, to which he had added notes, and which he did not wish, therefore, to lend out of his house; but he said he would get a copy for me. As to his other books, he gave me the key of his library to take whatever I liked. He laughed when I returned laden with books, and dismissed me in the kindest manner.

A short time after, I had the pleasure of accompanying him and Mr. Bunsen, then his secretary, now minister in his place, to Tivoli, where we remained a few days, residing in a house which belonged to Cardinal Gonsalvi; and, but a few days after, he invited me to live with him, assisting, if agreeable to me, in the education of his son Marcus. I thus became the constant companion of this rarely-gifted man at meals and on his daily walks after dinner, which were the most instructive hours of my life. He also gave to the Danish gentleman whom I have mentioned the means of returning to his own country.

## THE SMUGGLER—A TALE OF THE SEA.

### CONCLUDED.

It would be difficult to describe (so as to convey an accurate idea to shore-going people) the excitement on board a man-of-war when engaged in a chase. The quick, loud cry from the mast-head of "A sail, a sail!" is followed by a simultaneous shout along the lower deck; all, every one, without reference to occupation, age, or rank, rush on deck: for although mercenary feelings were forgotten at the moment, yet a rich smuggler was not less an object of importance than the legitimate trader of France or Holland would have been in the war time: and then follow the anxious queries—"What does she look like?—Is she large or small—square-rigged or fore-and-aft; does she look lofty?" and the quick eyes of the mariners scan the horizon, to gather from it how far the stranger may be off. We then come to the active, bustling preparations for the chase. Sails are loosed and spread like magic to catch the welcome breeze; the cordage flies through the blocks with the rapidity of lightning; and presently the stately ship bends to the favouring gale, and the sailors almost bless their ship because she bears herself gallantly through the water: and then come the alternate moments of hope and fear, varying with the breeze, which at one time favours the pursuer, and at another time the pursued. Thus the naturally buoyant feelings of the man-of-war's men are kept in an almost thrilling state of apprehension and uncertainty—one of the few instances wherein suspense is the reverse of being painful.

Williamson had taken his station for the night on the fore-castle, and his eye was seldom removed from his night-telescope. At one time the *Palmyra* seemed to gain on the schooner; at another she seemed to fall astern of the chase. Towards midnight the breeze freshened so much as to require another reef in the top-sails, and this duty was performed with the alacrity of seamen who knew the value of seconds at such a moment. But the yards were scarcely trimmed again, when the wind suddenly changed, and threw the chase three points in the wind's eye of the frigate. She was about six miles off, and had the advantage of smooth water from her affinity with the land.

"Curse that fellow's luck!" impatiently exclaimed Williamson; "he'd have been ours by daylight: we were coming up with him hand-over-hand."

"The breeze is unsteady, sir," observed Fearnought. "No higher, my man, no higher; your jib-sheet is chattering like a



monkey—it may veer round again more in our favour. I say, Mr. Logship, what is that man about at the helm? tell him to keep his sleepy eye on the weather-leech of the mainsail, will you?"

In this way Fearnought continued alternately speaking to the captain and directing the steerage of the ship, which now laboured under rather more sail than it was prudent to carry. In a short time she fell off three points more, which threw the schooner on her beam.

"Now, then, Fearnought," exclaimed the captain, "ready about."

"She won't stay, sir," said Fearnought.

"She must stay, sir," said the captain.

"What, in this heavy chop of a head sea, sir?" asked Fearnought.

"Yes, Mr. Fearnought," replied the captain in a determined tone; "if you can't make the Palmyra stay, I will;" and relinquishing his night-glass to the fore-castle lieutenant, Williamson walked aft, and took his station on the weather-side of the quarter-deck.

Every officer and man were now at their station; for their commander's experience would be of but little avail if they were not prompt in obeying his orders. They had each their own separate duty to perform, whilst he kept his eye on the ship, watching a favourable moment.

Upon a sudden the word of command was given, "Hard down—helm a-lee." Away flew the fore and jib-sheets; and the frigate, released from the pressure of her head-canvas, flew nobly up into the wind's eye in gallant style. For one anxious moment she remained stationary, and it was very doubtful which way she would cant. But her commander was not inattentive to the motion of the sea at such a moment; he had his sharp eye fixed on the weather-leech of the fore-topsail, and by bracing to a little, but very little, he gave the ship a fresh impulse, and she swung round with her head once more towards the schooner.

The noble frigate, under treble-reefed topsails and courses, rose on the very edge of the waves, and darting along the troubled surface of the ocean, proudly dashed the foamy spray from her bows, as if conscious that the eyes of her commander were on her. Then, after descending into the hollow of the sea, and tottering for a moment under the mighty force of the waves which broke over her, she rose again to the margin of the deep, and, under the pressure of her well-trimmed canvas, skimmed once more along the wide waste of waters, as if resolved to sustain at this critical moment the character she had long borne of being one of the best sea-boats in the service.

For four hours both vessels carried on famously through the gale; tacking alternately, and bending and straining to the frequent squalls which came off the land. Day was now beginning to break feebly through the folds of night, and the grey mist hung sullenly over the land and almost obscured the dreary coast.

Williamson stood erect upon a quarter-deck carronade, holding on by the weather-hamock rail, and watching, with calm yet intense interest, a dark squall which was gathering on the lee-beam; for upon the issue of that squall he well knew the fate of the schooner, and possibly that of his own vessel, might depend. The officers and crew, at their respective posts, with well-disciplined silence, steadfastly eyed every motion of their commander with that firm reliance his seamanlike skill was calculated to inspire; for they had served long and happily under his command; but little could they at this trying moment gather from the tranquillity of his mien, whether the energy of his mind was at all disturbed by the change which the gathering squall denoted.

At last the tremendous blast came, "like a mighty rushing wind," with fearful violence. The noble frigate trembled for a moment under the shock of the hurricane, and was thrown on her beam-ends. The tacks and sheets snapped like spun-yarn, the sails flapped about the masts and rigging, and the sudden noise they made resembled the report of cannon.

In five minutes the squall had passed away. The ship rose again to her bearings, and her crew were actively engaged bending new sails. The rain now came down in torrents, and the hurricane of the moment was succeeded by a dead calm.

The schooner, who was lost sight of during the squall, appeared again, without a stitch of sail set; and both vessels lay rolling about in the trough of the sea, almost within gun-shot of each other—helpless and partly dismantled.

In trying moments Williamson always consulted his first lieutenant; and it would be well for some of our young naval commanders if they followed the same prudent example.

"Fearnought," said the captain, "our cutters would reach that fellow in half an hour."

"Yes, sir," answered Fearnought; "but if in the mean time the breeze should spring up, he will get the start of us whilst we heave to, to pick up our boats."

"True," said Williamson with an anxious expression, "I confess I neither like the look of the weather nor our affinity with this rascally coast." Then, turning to the master, he inquired—

"How is the tide, Mr. Logship?"

"Low water at ten o'clock, sir," replied the master; adding, as if to draw the attention of the captain to the danger, and anxious to be included in the consultation, "Mutton Island bears S. by E. two short leagues."

It would be difficult to imagine a ship in a much more critical position than that in which the Palmyra was now placed. Williamson, in the eagerness of the chase, had allowed himself to be drawn farther into the Mal Bay than the safety of his frigate justified; but, in so settled a gale, who could have predicted that so sudden a squall would have sprung up from almost the opposite point of the compass, fearful in its consequences?

Fearnought would have hinted to Williamson the risk he incurred, but we have seen that he had already received a rebuff from his captain on the tacking question; and little Logship refrained from doing what would have been after all but his duty, under the foolish apprehension of being again jeered at for his croaking propensity. Williamson paced the quarter-deck in a thoughtful mood;—the broken water along the shore was distinctly visible, as it dashed against the bold promontory with a noise resembling distant thunder; the rain still continued to fall in torrents; and there were now occasional flashes of lightning, which, with the increasing swell, denoted the coming storm.

"Fearnought," said Williamson, "keep your eye on the sheets and halyards—let good ones be rove and bent—we may require them before we sleep."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the first lieutenant.

The schooner was preparing to get her sweeps out, when the dreaded breeze sprung up from the S.S.W., which threw her on the lee-bow of the frigate; and now the eventful moment to both vessels had arrived. It was possible that they might weather the island. The frigate had the better chance, being a little more to windward. At any other time of tide, the schooner could have run between the island and the main, for although the channel was intricate, her captain knew every rock in it; but now he had no such alternative. Both vessels were again under as heavy a press of sail as the already increasing gale would permit them to carry, and the crew almost held in their breath, as every succeeding wave carried the ship nearer to the lee-shore. The gallant frigate plunged again into the hollow of the sea—her very timbers shook under the pressure of her canvas—and her noble commander stood erect and resolute at his former station, with his eye calmly fixed upon the breakers under the lee-bow, over which the sea broke in long successive waves of mountain height.

And now the schooner approached so near the island as to appear from the frigate to be almost in the midst of the breakers.

"That fellow," exclaimed Williamson, "carries through it in gallant style; he deserves a better fate than to be wrecked or captured."

The officers and crew appeared to participate in the feelings of their commander; for every eye was turned towards the schooner, and their own critical position seemed to be almost lost sight of in the interest which she excited.

"Sharp work, Mr. Fearnought," said Williamson to his first lieutenant, as a white spray dashed against his face and drenched him to the skin. "The old craft is resolved to give us a sprinkling this morning."

"Not the first time, sir," answered Fearnought, laughingly, for he had already had forty such seas over him;—"it shows the old lady is walking through it, sir."

"Yes," observed Williamson; "but I wish the old lady would keep her favours to herself;" then addressing the helmsman,—"Luff! my man,—luff! mind your steerage! I'll tell you what, Mr. Fearnought, if that fellow yonder don't weather the island, we have no business here. If he but once touches the ground in such a sea as this, he'll be to pieces in five minutes.—Have all ready for wearing round at the moment."

Fearnought had scarcely time to answer, when Williamson exclaimed, "She's struck!" All eyes were instantly directed towards the schooner, who appeared to be in the midst of the breakers, with the sea breaking over her, and at that moment on

her broadside,—but she rights once more and weathers the threatened danger.

It was very beautiful to see the small sylph-like schooner, at this instant so fragile-looking, and to all appearance so helpless, forcing her way through the breakers, at one moment lifted with the apparent lightness of a feather to the very top of the wave, and at another suddenly sunk into the hollow of the sea and wholly obscured from view. There were times when only a portion of the white sail of the tiny craft was visible, and then it might have been easily mistaken for the wing of the stormy petrel, so light and beautiful did it appear on the troubled surface of the ocean.

The vessels were now within a mile of each other, and the schooner had already weathered the low reef of rocks which ran out from the island. The frigate, like an angry leviathan, eager and impatient, dashed the broad foam from her bows, under which the broken water almost bubbled. "Luff! my boy,—luff!" exclaimed her commander to the helmsman; and "Luff it is, sir," was the quick reply. "Luff again to the gale!" continued the captain; "a point—another point!—Hold on good tacks and sheets,—full and by, my lad—full and by," again exclaimed Williamson; and well did the anxious helmsman discharge his arduous duty. The rocks were on the lee-beam; another anxious, trying moment, and the danger was cleared—the bow lines were checked—the main-sheet was eased off—and the stately vessel, grateful for being released from the pressure of her canvas, then sailed gallantly onward in pursuit of her chase and towards the haven she had only left the day before.

The moment the danger was passed, Williamson ordered the bow-guns to be cleared away; and when ready, a shot was dropped to leeward of the chase, and the small storm ensign of St. George was hoisted at the peak. But the schooner did not heed it or show any flag in return. Williamson then ordered the shot to be fired over her. "Do not," said he to Fearnought, "strike her hull, but rather cripple the masts and rigging if we can."

The Palmyra was now nearly within musket-shot of the chase. The deck of the latter seemed deserted, save by one man who took his station at the helm; and there he stood alone, erect and undaunted, steering his little vessel through the danger that encompassed him, with a countenance as free from fear as it was singularly placid and determined. He did not once alter his position, nor did he make a single effort to discern whether the frigate was closing on him or not. There the old man stood, a conspicuous solitary mark for the small arms of the marines.

The frigate was now obliged to yaw about to avoid running over the schooner, who still held on her course, though hailed repeatedly to shorten sail. The marines were firing volleys into her, but still there stood the solitary helmsman, after each succeeding volley, as erect and as undaunted as before.

"What!" exclaimed the captain impatiently, "is there no one can knock that stubborn fellow on the head?"

At that moment a shout from the crew announced the fatal reply:—a bullet had done its duty,—it had pierced the back of the skull. The old man sprang upwards from the deck, and then fell dead at the wheel of his little vessel.

On the following morning the sea was as tranquil as if it had never been disturbed; the sky was clear and serene; the waters seemed refreshed by the tempest; and the frigate, with her little prize, lay in apparent sluggishness, as though they were reposeing from their previous labours.

At the head of the roadstead lay a small fishing hamlet, which in that day consisted of only a few humble dwellings, so rudely constructed as to resemble strange-looking mounds of earth rather than the wretched tenements of human beings; a small river, after winding its course from the neighbouring mountain through a deep valley or ravine, clothed on either side with the wildest verdure, emptied itself into the Atlantic a little below the village, and a small cove inside the rude breakwater before spoken of afforded a welcome asylum for the boats of the fishermen.

The margin of the sea was sprinkled with many of those picturesque-looking little vessels which had emerged with the first grey streak of morning twilight from the creeks wherein they had sheltered themselves during the storm. Some were creeping along the land with a light partial breeze, which barely rippled the water; while others lay at a distance upon the broad bosom of the smooth Atlantic, with their white sails glittering in the brilliant rays of the morning sun.

The stirring events of the previous day left those on board the frigate sufficient to engage the attention of both officers and men. The fore-works of the ship were much strained from the heavy press of sail that had been carried on; it was even feared that the

gammoning and quick-work was injured; and the bowsprit was discovered to be slightly sprung between the knightheads.

Fearnought was discharging the responsible duties of a first lieutenant with his usual seamanlike activity. The little master was superintending the sails; the fat doctor and marine officers were on shore scouring the huts of the natives for something in the shape of provender; and the only idlers on board the Palmyra that day were the unfortunate smugglers, who gazed about them in dogged silence, stung to their heart's core at having been captured when within an hour's sail of their destined beach.

Towards the close of that day preparations were made for committing to the deep the corpse of the smuggler. The crew of the first cutter were dressed in their Sunday suit, and the smugglers were permitted to take a last sad view of their brave but ill-fated leader as he lay partly sown up in a hammock.

But who is that curly-headed boy who throws himself across the body of the smuggler, and in silent yet convulsive agony presses his warm lips against the cold clammy features of the dead?

This, reader, was the adopted child of our departed friend,—the boy he had sheltered in his bosom, and to whom he had been as a father. It was Henry Trevillian.

Oh! how beautiful, and yet how sorrowful, it was to see that friendless boy, unknown to all around him, cling to the lifeless body of the only protector he had ever known in this world, and sob in all the bitterness of agonizing, heart-rending grief, as he cried in a broken voice, "Kiss me, dear papa."

And where was then the spirit of him who had looked upon that dear child with all the love and pride of a parent?—where the sanguine tone of confidence with which he had told the anxious wife that this trip, if well ended, should be his last. Last, did he say?—yes, he said, "This shall be my last voyage." Little did the old man then foresee that his swollen corpse might probably be thrown in, after the ninth day, on that very beach where he intended to run his cargo!

As the sun's disk was sinking into the horizon, the body of the smuggler was cautiously lowered into the boat; and the only persons permitted to enter her were Roderick, the mate of the smuggler, and Harry Trevillian.

The assembled officers and crew stood in meek silence uncovered on the quarter deck of the frigate, and the captured smugglers were ranged along the gangway. The crew of the boat destined to tow that which contained the dead, lay on their oars abreast of the ship. The body rested upon gratings, with the union flag of England spread over it.

The captain then read the beautiful and solemn service for the burial of the dead, and the boat pulled silently away from the ship to a considerable distance. There was not at that moment a passing cloud in the studded canopy of heaven,—all around was hushed in the silence of midnight,—the tint which the setting sun had left was still faint in the western horizon. The body was consigned to the waters of the Atlantic, while the stars twinkled in countless myriads overhead, and sparkled like diamonds on the broad dark surface of the grave of THE SMUGGLER.

#### A VISIT TO "THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA \*."

THE town of Hernani, the scene of one of those memorable tragedies, in which the British Legion was doomed, as usual, to play the principal part, is situated about two and a half leagues eastward of San Sebastian, and composed principally of one long, continuous, and narrow street; flanked, however, by many tolerably well-built and substantial houses. Major B—, as we rode through the town, suddenly pulled up into a walk, and pointing to a house of very respectable exterior, recommended my attention to the first-floor windows, where it was probable we should see—surprise and incredulity took possession of me as he spoke—the Maid of Saragossa. He could not have named a name to which my imagination had attached warmer associations of interest and admiration; having, just before I left England, purchased the beautiful engraving of Wilkie's spirited picture representing that heroic being in the act of discharging a cannon from the heights of Saragossa, to avenge her fallen lover and injured country.

We looked in vain for her at the windows; but so anxious was I to see this celebrated heroine, that I immediately made a vow that I would not leave Hernani without effecting my object. Observing the obstinacy of my resolve, and not himself sorry for the opportunity, Major B— forthwith hit upon an expedient for the purpose.

\* From *Rambles in the Pyrenees*, by F. W. Vaux, Esq.—Longman and Co. 1838.

It was not at all an unlikely policy, especially at that moment, to add to the military garrison of the town; and by no means an unusual proceeding for an officer to pay a preliminary visit to a respectable inhabitant, for the purpose of ascertaining how many men could be conveniently billeted in a given house.

Now, as the father of the fair object who was the occasion of this manoeuvre was absent—holding, as he did, a high office under Don Carlos in the medical department,—it became necessary to make known our pretended mission to his daughter, who, notwithstanding the politics and situation of her father, still resided at Hernani, where she was universally respected for her amiable and excellent qualities.

Having put up our horses at a stable in the neighbourhood, we went straight to the house; and Major B—having informed a domestic that he had business with the señora, we were ushered into an upper apartment, where we awaited her entrance for some minutes.

At length the door opened, and a lady of middle stature, but finely proportioned, made her appearance. Her countenance was of the most pleasing cast; her dark eyes beaming with expression; her nose slightly arched, and her mouth displaying, when she spoke or smiled, a row of teeth like polished ivory, and giving instant animation to her whole countenance. Her age did not appear to accord with what a reference to historic data would attribute to her; for, though approaching the “mezzo del cammin,” the colour on her cheeks and the lively expression of her features still arrayed her in the mantle of youth. She received us in the most courteous manner, and conversed for a considerable time with Major B—, who, as my interpreter, alluded to the interest attached to her character in England, and to the fact of her portrait having been drawn, not only by our artists, but by the greatest of our poets; of which she seemed to be aware, but by no means vain; and testified her acknowledgment of the compliment by a smile of very winning sweetness. It is said she has had numerous offers of marriage since her residence at Hernani, but on that point she is inexorable; a determination which enhances the interest of her character, and the universal regard in which she is held. Having protracted our visit as long as politeness would admit, we took our leave of the señora; and remounting our horses, we rode gently through the town.

#### JOURNEY FROM BAGHDAD TO AL HADHR.

AL HADHR is the name given by the Arabs to the ruins of an ancient city situated about two hundred miles to the north-west of Baghdad. These have been rarely visited by Europeans; but in 1836 and 1837, Dr. Ross, the surgeon to the British Residency at Baghdad, succeeded in reaching them twice. His account of his journeys, published in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, gives so lively a picture of Eastern travelling, that we have been induced to transfer it in an abridged form to our columns.

“After numerous failures,” says Dr. Ross, “for nearly two years, in endeavouring to get Bedwins to escort me to the ruins of Al Hadhr, I have at length succeeded in persuading Salah-el-Mezeini, a well-known Ajeili, to make the attempt. The ruins themselves and the country round them are looked upon by the Arabs with superstitious awe, as the haunts of evil spirits; moreover, the roads to them are always infested by plundering parties of the Shammah and Aneizah, passing to and from forays; so Salah determined to proceed with as few attendants and as little display as possible. I take two servants, and Salah two Bedwins: we are all to ride horses except one, who rides the dhulul, or racing camel, carrying our small store of provisions.”

Setting out with his party on the 6th of May, 1836, Dr. Ross travelled on in the direction of Al Hadhr till the 12th, when, on encamping, they found themselves utterly deserted by the donkeys and their drivers, who had charge of the barley they carried for the horses’ provender.

The next morning, the barley not making its appearance, “Salah called a council of war, and, after commenting very strongly upon the treachery of the Tekritis and the revenge he should have on his return, he told old Shi’al the object of our coming, and said that as Al Hadhr was only a day’s journey off, it would be a disgrace to turn back, and proposed that, as the horses were good, and a chance of green grass inland, and that as we could see the ruins and return to Tekrit in five days, we should trust in God and go on. We unanimously agreed to his proposal, and, after

the Arabs had repeated a short prayer aloud for safety and divine protection, we, at 7h. 30m. A.M., mounted and struck off N.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  W., first over undulating ground, then along the bed of a small brackish stream in a small valley called Wadi-el-Mcheih. At 9h. 30m. halted at a plot of fine green grass to give the horses a feed, Sherkat bearing S.E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  E. Here I observed the Arabs were evidently not at ease; each got on the top of a small knoll, and, lying flat on his face, kept scanning the horizon in all directions, for upwards of an hour looking for smoke or any signs of human beings being about. At noon we mounted; at 2 P.M. Sherkat bore S.E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  E.: here we crossed a brackish rivulet called ‘Ain-el-Tha’leb: the country now consists of long low undulating ridges, like the waves of the sea, and we can see nothing beyond the one we happen to be on. Between each undulation is a valley, which in winter must have abundance of water. The Arabs are now gloomy and silent, looking suspiciously about; their very features are changed, and, as I happen to have the best eyes of the party, they are constantly reminding me to make good use of them. At 4 P.M., in ascending one of the backs or ridges, came upon the foundation of a thick stone wall or pavement running in a straight line nearly N.W. At 4h. 15m. I saw ruins far distant W. by S., which the Arabs instantly pronounced to be Al Hadhr, and we changed our course straight for them. The distant ruins soon appeared with an awfully grand effect; a thick black cloud behind them was darting out the most vivid flashes of lightning, and we could distinctly hear the peals of thunder. Old Salah shook his head and said, ‘Sir, I do not like this, we should not have come here; this ground belongs to Iblis.’ I confess I myself felt a sort of creeping sensation coming over me. At 5h. 15m. having reached grass and water, and finding it impossible to arrive at the ruins to-night, we halted, and had barely time to fasten the cattle and huddle together, when there burst over us the most terrific storm I ever beheld: we were ankle-deep in water in a few minutes, though on a slight declivity. The storm lasted for about four hours, and the water settled into the valley; yet in less than an hour afterwards the Arabs, to my astonishment, contrived to light a fire and boil a little coffee.

“14th.—At 4h. 30m. A.M. mounted and made straight in the direction of the ruins. At 6h. 40m. got to the Tharthar, in a Wadi about 200 yards broad covered with grass. The Tharthar itself is here about 50 feet broad, deep, and the water just drinkable. We wandered up and down, but could find no ford: at last Salah and I stripped to our shirts, and I tied my watch, compass, and note-book on my head, and, being sure of my horse, plunged in, followed by Salah, at 7h. 45m. The current was rapid, but a few strokes landed us in safety. We reached the ruins at 8h. 10m.

“We had been about two hours among the ruins, taking rough sketches, measurements, &c., and I was just proceeding to measure the diameter of the city walls, and to count the bastions, when I saw on a rising ground in the distant horizon to the north a horseman. I called Salah, but he could not distinguish him. While pointing out the direction, I saw another join the first. Salah still doubted, saying it must be a wild hog or a bush, as no human being could be there—for if the Aneizah were out, they must appear from the south, or if the Shammah, from the west. The appearance of a third, though still invisible to Salah, settled the business. He said, with a hollow, changed voice, ‘We must be off. Allah! Allah! what brought us here?’ And off we went, as hard as our horses could, to join our people. I had just time in passing to observe that the general course of the Tharthar is S.E. and S. by E. On getting to our people we instantly saddled, and at 10h. 40m. we were on our return, flying by the same route which brought us. I told Salah to be more calm—we were five, the enemy only three: he called out, ‘Oh, sir, where you see dogs, you will find fleas.’

“At 11h. we heard the horrible war-howl of Arabs behind us. Salah called out to us to stand fast together while he went to meet them. If they are Shammah, we shall be plundered; but if Aneizah, my party may get off: but the Bedwins must fall. I ordered my people to be cool, and not on any account to fire unless I ordered. We were in a hollow, and our speeches were cut short by the appearance of about a hundred horsemen coming over the low ridge behind us at full gallop, and about the same number on our flank. The sight, though far from pleasant, was very grand; the wild disorder, loose flying robes of every colour, spears with round tufts of ostrich-feathers; the howling and yelling had a most romantic effect. When within about 150 yards, my camel man called out that they were Shammah (he himself was of that tribe), and told us not to attempt resistance. In another instant they were upon us, and I found myself alone, separated from my people, whose



horses had started, perfectly jammed up by the Arabs, and their spears within a few inches of every part of my body. One called to me to dismount and throw down my gun. I asked, 'And if I do?' He answered, 'Safety; fear not.' I uncocked my gun, and laid it across the saddle: they at the same time shouldered their spears. One seized me by the clothes, and, my horse having kicked out at his, the part gave way; another then seized my gun and pulled me off, and in the fall the gun remained with him. My old horse appeared to take the matter up, and by kicking and fighting cleared an open space; in the mean time Salah had been undergoing the same treatment, but, getting a hearing, said he was an Ajeil and a Shammari. The chief asked what he did here? Salah said, 'By Allah, we were going from 'Ali Pasha to Mohammed Pasha of Mosul, and that I was an Albanian.' The chief answered, 'Oh, Bedwin, do not lie: first, this is not the road; and, secondly, your backs are to Mosul, and your faces to Baghdad.' All called out, 'They are from Reshid Pasha; cut the dogs' heads off.' A second scramble took place; our camel was made to kneel, and the baggage thrown off. I was knocked down, and in an instant was nearly naked, when an old man (for they were still galloping up by dozens) pushed them all aside with an air of authority, calling out in a thundering voice, 'Avast (awash)! that is no Turk,—that is the Balyoz.' I saw him two years ago in Sheikh Zebaid's tent: let no one touch him; I protect him.' An immediate calm ensued, when Salah, now nearly naked, advanced, and said, 'Now that you know us, I shall tell you the truth,—that is the Balyoz; we came here to see Al Hadhr, and we are now going back.' Everything was now set right; an order was given to restore everything taken, even to a hair if one had fallen from our heads, and duly obeyed. We sat on the ground, good friends. Their chief told us we had done a very foolish thing in coming here without their knowledge, as it was dangerous ground; they never see any one here except themselves or their enemies, and for the latter they had taken us. He then said, in the most beautiful Arabic style, 'If we had in the hurry killed you all, what answer could we give your friends, or what satisfaction could they expect? When we find strange people here, it is not the time to ask who they are, or whence they have come. Allah has saved you.' He then told us that all was in confusion, that Reshid Pasha had in a most treacherous manner seized their sheikh, Sufuk, while a guest in the Turkish camp on the most solemn pledge of safety, and had sent him prisoner to Constantinople; consequently the Shammar had all rebelled and come to the desert. They then invited us to their camp, and I was inclined to go, but Salah whispered to me that we must get off as soon as possible, for as soon as the seizure of Sufuk was known there would be a great outbreak in Mesopotamia.

"They are the 'Abdah and Aslam branches of the Shammar, and had seen me this morning on the top of the ruins, when, taking us for Aneizah, the tocsin was sounded; even as long as we remained with them parties were dashing in. All carried reed spears, and many rode beautiful horses. After many protestations and oaths by the Arabs, that their tribe and ours had, thank God! always been friends, and that they had never seen anything from us but good (illa-al-khair), and that, please God, that friendship would last for ever, the affair of to-day being nothing at all, and after many huggings and kissings, we parted, they to their tents, and we on our return."

After this adventure, Dr. Ross made the best of his way back to Baghdad, which he reached in safety on the 20th May.

Disappointed in his hopes on his first visit, Dr. Ross determined to make a second attempt, on which occasion he was successful, and made a minute examination of the ruins, which "occupy a space of ground upwards of a mile in diameter, inclosed by a circular, or nearly circular wall, of immense thickness, with square bastions or towers at about every sixty paces, built of large square cut stones. The upper portions of the curtains have in most places been thrown down, as have been also some of the bastions; but most of the latter may still be said to be in very fair preservation, each having towards the city vaulted chambers. Outside the wall is a broad and very deep ditch, now dry; and 100 or 150 paces beyond it is a thick rampart, now only a few feet high, going round the town; and at some distance beyond the fortifications stand two high mounds with square towers upon them, one on the eastern side, the other on the north.

"In nearly the exact centre of the town stands the grand object of curiosity, whether temple or palace I shall not pretend to say,

enclosed by a strong, thick, square wall (partly demolished), with bastions similar to those of the city wall, fronting the four cardinal points, each face measuring 300 long paces inside. The square is in its centre intersected from north to south by a range of buildings greatly damaged, a confused mass of chambers, gateways, and one built pillar reduced to about thirty feet. Between this range and the eastern wall appears to have been a clear space. The principal buildings occupy the western side, and consist of a huge pile fronting the east, and part of a wing fronting the north. The ground-story only remains perfect, and consists of a range of vaulted halls of two sizes."

He thus relates his second journey:—

"My examination of the ruins of Al Hadhr having been put a stop to in such a sudden and disagreeable manner in May 1836, I determined to revisit them as soon as possible: accordingly, early in May 1837, a party of Shammar Arabs being about to return from Baghdad to join the Sheikh, who was encamped near the ruins, I resolved to accompany them, and having easily made their acquaintance, and all arrangements being settled, on May 10th, 1837, we left Baghdad by the Kadhimein gate; the party consisting of myself, two servants, seven Shammar Bedwins, and a native of Baghdad going on business to the tribe. The Bedwins carry a present from 'Ali Pasha to Mohammed-el-Faris (the Horseman, Cavaliere), the Shammar sheikh.

No particular incident occurred till the 13th, when they halted in an immense camp of the Shammar at Sultaniyah bitter wells.

"The Arabs are the Alian branch of the tribe, under Sheikh Dukheil-ibn-Shebanah, to whose tent we went, and met with a real Arab welcome. I got the Sheikh's own camel-saddle to lean against as a pillow, and, as no concealment of my character was necessary, we were at home with each other. The Sheikh is a venerable-looking old man, and is looked upon as one of the patriarchs of the tribe, and has great influence. After about an hour had been spent in coffee-drinking, smoking, and news-telling, about ten or a dozen men carried in a sort of net a huge wooden dish of boiled rice; others followed with one of stewed meat: part of the latter was shovelled over the former by the not over-clean hands of the Bedwins; and over all were poured a pot of melted butter and a skin of sour milk, and then to work we went. As one set left the dish, another sat down; and I am certain that after all present, not less than a hundred, had finished, enough for fifty more was carried away. After this we had coffee, and then troughs of fresh camel's milk were brought in, of which each drank *ad libitum*; the milk, with the exception of being slightly salt, was equal to the richest cream. Outside the tent was placed in a rude sort of tripod a monstrous leathern bucket, filled with camel's milk; to this our horses were led up in succession, and they drank very copiously with great zest.

The next day they reached the Tharthar, and crossed it, only knee deep; and in five min. halted in a camp of the Zobah branch of the Shammar.

"This year the Tharthar is very low, and the water abominably bitter and salt, the source of it having been blocked up by the Yezidis in Jebel Sinjar.

"15th.—Formed a party of eleven spears with the young Sheikh. I only take three of my own people. At 6h. 15m. A.M. we crossed the Tharthar, and went over the country at a quick walk, about N.W. by N. The Tharthar was close to us for about one hour; it then took a sweep to the right. At 10h. 45m. were surprised to see tents on the stream; made for them; and at 11h. 20m., on getting close to them, found all the men under arms, but their number only about twenty. Nijirib galloped up alone to them, and quieted their alarm. They prove to be a few families of the Al Bu Mohammed Arabs flying to the Shammar for protection, as the Aneizah are out in good earnest; as is also Fa'ad, the deposed Shammar Sheikh, with a band. My fellows got a good deal staggered by the intelligence; but, as the ruins were close to us, I promised to be ready to return at sunset. At 11h. 45m. turned off left; and at 12h. 30m. P.M. got to Al Hadhr. I examined the ruins thoroughly, but at last, being unable to keep my people in good humour any longer, (and one of them, an old man, bringing up my horse and saying, 'For God's sake, my son, take for this once the advice of an old man, who has seen many days, and let us return!') we at 4h. 15m. P.M. mounted and kept about S.S.E., often cantering. A snake having started, Nijirib drove his spear right through its head. The Arabs called out, 'Bravo!' I said it was an accident: he threw it down, and said, 'Where will you have me pierce it this time?' I said, in the tail. The reptile was wriggling about, yet he made a rush at it,

\* Consul: from the Greek Balios, and Italian Baño.

and in an instant it was whirling in the air on the point of the spear, the weapon having passed within an inch of the point of the tail. At sunset we could see the Al Bu Mohammed marching in the distance to the left, across the Tharthar. At 9h. 30m. we reached our camp in safety, after a ride of upwards of 50 miles. From the ruins the Sinjar mountains are seen high in the N.W.

"16th.—At 6 A.M. the Arabs struck their tents, and marched along the stream till 7h. 10m., then halted and pitched. To-day the Yezidis are coming in by scores, men, women, and children, flying from the Turks under Hafiz Pasha, who has already conquered nearly all the district of Sinjar.

On the 15th, they came to Nej'm's camp; and he insisted upon our party and the Sheikh's halting to feed, which we did, the Arabs all going on. Nej'm, with Zeidan, is pitched to-day near a pool of rain-water, which, though horrid stuff, is delicious after the Tharthar water. Nej'm's feed was like the others; except that, to show us greater respect, he covered the whole dish over with about two stones of butter, so that I was obliged to thrust my arm up to the elbow through butter, in order to grope underneath for rice and a bit of mutton. After all had been demolished, I went out to the great wonder of the Arabs, to measure the wood, it being the largest I ever saw. It was made of pieces of wood fastened together by twine; and I found its diameter exactly 4 feet 9½ inches, and that it contained to-day, at one time, the divided carcasses of four full-grown sheep: as to the quantities of rice, melted butter, and sour milk, I should be afraid to hazard a guess. In the evening we rode on to our own camp.

"19th.—There being plenty of grass, did not move. This was about the hottest day I ever felt.

"20th.—Halted. I observe the valley of the Tharthar gets broader, and has lately been cultivated, the water-courses, and even the shapes of the fields, being still visible. The stream here winds more than above. At 9 A.M. a camel with two people on his back came up to the tent, and one of them was no other than Mohammed el Faris, Sheikh Shammar, ruler of upwards of 12,000 families. He was a fine-looking young man, with large eyes, a slightly aquiline nose, and wore his hair in long plaited tresses, hanging over his shoulders. He was very well dressed; but appears to have discarded the effeminate practice of wearing shoes, and even trousers. He made many excuses for being away so long, declaring that the instant he learned our being in his camp, he mounted on his return, and had been in the saddle since yesterday at noon. The news of his arrival soon spread; and in an hour the tent and the whole front of it presented a dense mass of the wildest human beings I ever saw. Every naked rascal, as he arrived, went up to the Sheikh, and, having kissed him, sat down to light his pipe without the slightest ceremony. The Pasha's present, consisting of a full suit of clothes, was brought forward, and while the letter accompanying it was being read, every man stood up, and when finished, all called out "God lengthen Ali Pasha's days!" The dresses were put on the Sheikh; but they did not appear to sit easy. The Kashmir turban was too heavy for the head, and was taken off and presented to the person sitting next him. The other articles were soon dispersed in a similar manner, and in 20 minutes Mohammed wore only his own Bedwin dress.

"Yesterday I felt rather heavy, and to-day was seized with very strong fever and dysentery, I suppose owing to bad water and the intense heat; but the Arabs declare it is owing to having eaten some small fish shot yesterday by Sayyed Hindi in the Tharthar.

"About noon old Dukheil came to visit the Sheikh, and brought the disagreeable intelligence of the Aneizah having sent three ghazas, or plundering parties, into Mesopotamia: they severally crossed the Euphrates at Hillah, Jubbah, and above Anah, and were last heard of going towards the Tarmiyah. I consequently determined to be off for Tekrit before things got worse, and there see what is to be done. The plan laid down by the Sheikh and the old men for us, was to start after dusk for Dukheil's camp at Sultaniyah, stay there all to-morrow, then at night to go on, and hide next day in the thick wood about Kharneinah, and get into Tekrit on the third morning. I seemingly agreed to it, but, after a private consultation with Sayyed Hindi, determined upon quite another mode of proceeding as soon as we were clear of the tents. I got several of the chiefs to point out on the compass the bearing of Sultaniyah: this was done in presence of the Arabs going with us, and they were satisfied that we could not now go wrong. After dinner, though far from well, I determined to be off, when the Sheikh brought me a present of a horse trained to plundering excursions, which he declares will, if it should come to a run, carry me off from all the Aneizah.

"Our party, nine in number, mounted, and after taking leave and having had prayers said for our safety, we at 7h. 40m. P.M. moved on in an E. by S. direction. I soon found the Arabs were going straight for Sultaniyah, but, as I declared the compass must be right, they were easily persuaded to keep to the right of the true course. At 11h. 30m. we were going E. over sandy ground called Zobeidi.

"22nd.—At 1 A.M. kept edging to the right. At 2h. kept E. by S., and at 2h. 20m. got to the high road, when the Arabs at once discovered that I had taken them completely out of the track they intended coming by. Our object was now gained; and, having told them it would be a disgrace for us to turn back to Sultaniyah, as well as a loss of time, we must put our trust in God and go at once straight on for Tekrit. Sayyed Hindi smoothed them down, and we went on.

At 7h. 15m. halted on the bank of the Tigris. I had now almost lost all sense of feeling in the lower limbs, and became covered with a cold clammy sweat, but I never recollect having experienced so great a pleasure as I did in drinking a draught of the Tigris water after the horrid stuff we have had for the last ten days. At 8h. 10m. A.M. went on again. At 9h. 42m. went up from the hawi at Jeberaniyah, and just as we got to the high land we found foot-marks of horses not an hour old, and in another minute saw the horses themselves in the bush below. Their owners sprang upon them and fell in; we closed up, lighted matches, and got ready: they were about half a mile off, and only eight in number. The Shammar at once knew them to be Aneizah, and we prepared for a skirmish (being only nine), keeping on the high road, daring them to come on with prime abuse, but they stood still close together. My men declared it would be in vain to charge them, their cattle being fresh, while ours were done up: moreover, some of our men being on camels, we should be obliged to divide—a thing not at all advisable. As long as we could see them they had not moved. The excitement of the affair caused a reaction in me, and I was now in a burning fever. As we went on, the day became dreadfully hot, the glare intolerable, and not a breath of wind stirring. I thought it was to be my last; my senses deserted me, and all I can recollect is that at 1 P.M. we got to Tekrit.

"About sunset I awoke and found myself in Haji Omar's house: covered up and in a most profuse perspiration, and consequently much easier. A small thermometer, cut to 125° in the usual sort of leathern case, was burst in my pocket by to-day's heat.

"I find the road by Mesopotamia is not to be attempted at present, so I determine to dismiss the Arabs here, and send them down by Samarra; and, finding myself perfectly inadequate to another day's ride, I have made up my mind to go down by water, and have ordered a kelek, or raft, to be made."

Dr. Ross afterwards met with a friend who was going down the river in a covered boat, whom he joined, and reached Baghdad on the 26th.

### HOT AND COLD IRON BLAST.

IN smelting cold-blast iron, the fuel used is *coke*. It is put in the furnace alternately with the iron-stone, according to a specified weight of iron and measurement of coke, together with a certain quantity of limestone, to flux the iron. A strong blast of cold air is forced into the furnace by mechanical power. The smelted iron is drawn off twice in twenty-four hours.

In the hot-blast system, coal is burnt instead of coke, which effects a considerable saving of trouble and expense, attendant on the burning coal into coke. The blast, in passing to the furnace, is forced through retorts highly heated, which raises the temperature of the air in the pipes to a very high degree—so much so, that an iron rod passed into the current of air becomes red-hot instantly. By this system double the quantity of iron is smelted in the same time that is done by the cold blast.

It is obviously greatly to the advantage of the iron-master to work with the hot-blast, but the quality of the iron is greatly inferior. Were pure, unmixed, hot-blast iron to be used for casting machinery or beams, where great strain or tension is required, it would be weaker by one-third than had cold-blast been used. For casting cylinders or rollers that require to be turned, or the skin broke, it is totally unfit. It may do for stoves, plain plates, or fancy castings; any castings where a body of iron is

formed, from four to five inches in diameter, are found to be hollow on the top when cast (technically termed sunk or drawn), although the greatest precautions are taken to prevent it, and are often found drawn in the very centre. The reason of its inferiority arises from its being imperfectly smelted. Scotch coal, when burned, turns into a fine powder, through which the iron-stone, being denser, falls through before it is thoroughly melted, and lies in a dead body at the bottom of the furnace, below the blast, until it be drawn off. The limestone used for fluxing is likewise drawn off in a partially burned condition, and in some instances is used as a manure. The iron, when running off, becomes a thick coagulated mass, entirely different from that smelted by cold-blast with coke fuel.

### RAMBLES OF AN AMERICAN NATURALIST.—No. III.

By JOHN D. GODMAN.

HITHERTO my rambles have been confined to the neighbourhood of a single spot, with a view of showing how perfectly accessible to all are numerous and various interesting natural objects. This habit of observing in the manner indicated began many years anterior to my visit to the spots heretofore mentioned, and have extended through many parts of our own and another country. Henceforward my observations shall be presented without reference to particular places, or even of one place exclusively, but with a view to illustrate whatever may be the subject of description, by giving all I have observed of it under various circumstances.

A certain time of my life was spent in that part of Anne Arundel county, Maryland, which is washed by the river Patapsco on the north, the great Chesapeake bay on the west, and the Severn river on the south. It is in every direction cut up by creeks, or arms of the rivers and bay, into long flat strips of land, called necks, the greater part of which is covered by dense pine forests, or thickets of small shrubs and saplings, rendered impervious to human footsteps by the growth of vines, whose inextricable mazes nothing but a fox, wild cat, or weasel, could thread. The soil cleared for cultivation is very generally poor, light, and sandy, though readily susceptible of improvement, and yielding a considerable produce in Indian corn, and most of the early garden vegetables, by the raising of which for the Baltimore market the inhabitants obtain all their ready money. The blight of slavery has long extended its influence over this region, where all its usual effects are but too obviously visible. The white inhabitants are few in number, widely distant from each other, and manifest, in their mismanagement and half indigent circumstances, how trifling an advantage they derive from the thralldom of their dozen or more of sturdy blacks, of different sexes and ages. The number of marshes formed at the heads of the creeks render this country frightfully unhealthy in autumn, at which time the life of a resident physician is one of incessant toil and severe privation. Riding from morning till night, to get round to visit a few patients, his road leads generally through pine forests, whose aged and lofty trees, encircled by a dense undergrowth, impart an air of sombre and unbroken solitude. Rarely or never does he encounter a white person on his way, and only once in a while will he see a miserably-tattered negro, seated on a sack of corn, carried by a starveling horse or mule, which seems poorly able to bear the weight to the nearest mill. The red-head woodpecker, and the flicker or yellow-hammer, a kindred species, occasionally glance across his path; sometimes when he turns his horse to drink at the dark-coloured branch (as such streams are locally called), he disturbs a solitary rufous-thrush engaged in washing its plumes: or as he moves steadily along, he is slightly startled by a sudden appearance of the towhee-bunting close to the side of the path. Except these creatures, and these by no means frequently seen, he rarely meets with animated objects; at a distance the harsh voice of the crow is often heard, or flocks of them are observed in the cleared fields, while now and then the buzzard, or Turkey-vulture, may be seen wheeling in graceful circles in the higher regions of the air, sustained by his broadly-expanded wings, which apparently remain in a state of permanent and motionless extension. At other seasons of the year, the physician must be content to live in the most positive seclusion; the white people are all busily employed in going to and from market; and even were they at home they are

poorly suited for companionship. I here spent month after month, and, except the patients I visited, saw no one but the blacks; the house in which I boarded was kept by a widower, who, with myself, was the only white man within the distance of a mile or two. My only compensation was this: the house was pleasantly situated on the bank of Curtis's creek, a considerable arm of the Patapsco, which extended for a mile or two beyond us, and immediately in front of the door, expanded so as to form a beautiful little bay. Of books I possessed very few, and those exclusively professional; but in this beautiful expanse of sparkling water, I had a book opened before me, which a lifetime would scarcely suffice me to read through. With the advantage of a small but neatly made and easily manageable skiff, I was always independent of the service of the blacks, which was ever repugnant to my feelings and principles. I could convey myself in whatever direction the objects of inquiry might present, and as my little bark was visible for a mile in either direction from the house, a handkerchief waved, or the loud shout of a negro, was sufficient to recall me in case my services were required.

During the spring months, and while the garden vegetables are yet too young to need a great deal of attention, the proprietors frequently employ their blacks in hauling the seine, and this in these creeks is productive of an ample supply of yellow perch, which affords a very valuable addition to the diet of all. The blacks in an especial manner profit by this period of plenty, since they are permitted to eat of them without restraint, which cannot be said of any other sort of provision allowed them. Even the pigs and crows obtain their share of the abundance, as the fishermen, after picking out the best fish, throw the smaller ones on the beach. But as the summer months approach, the aquatic grass begins to grow, and this fishing can no longer be continued, because the grass rolls the seine up in a wisp, so that it can contain nothing. At this time the spawning season of the different species of sun-fish begins, and to me this was a time of much gratification. Along the edge of the river, where the depth of water was not greater than from four feet to as shallow as twelve inches, an observer would discover a succession of circular spots cleared of the surrounding grass, and showing a clear sandy bed. These spots, or cleared spaces, we may regard as the nest of this beautiful fish. There, balanced in the transparent wave, at the distance of six or eight inches from the bottom, the sun-fish is suspended in the glittering sunshine, gently swaying its beautiful tail and fins; or, wheeling around in the limits of its little circle, appears to be engaged in keeping it clear of all incumbrances. Here the mother deposits her eggs or spawn, and never did hen guard her callow brood with more eager vigilance than the sun-fish the little circle within which her promised offspring are deposited. If another individual approach too closely to her borders, with a fierce and angry air she darts against it, and forces it to retreat. Should any small and not too heavy object be dropped in the nest, it is examined with jealous attention, and displaced if the owner be not satisfied of its harmlessness. At the approach of man she flies with great velocity into deep water, as if willing to conceal that her presence was more than accidental where first seen. She may, after a few minutes, be seen cautiously venturing to return, which is at length done with velocity; then she would take a hurried turn or two around, and scud back again to the shady bowers formed by the river grass, which grows up from the bottom to within a few feet of the surface, and attains to twelve, fifteen, or more feet in length. Again she ventures forth from the depths; and if no further cause of fear presented, would gently sail into the placid circle of her home, and with obvious satisfaction explore it in every part.

Besides the absolute pleasure I derived from visiting the habitations of these glittering tenants of the river, hanging over them from my little skiff, and watching their every action, they frequently furnished me with a very acceptable addition to my frugal table. Situated as my boarding-house was, and all the inmates of the house busily occupied in raising vegetables to be sent to market, our bill of fare offered little other change than could be produced by varying the mode of cookery. It was either broiled bacon and potatoes, or fried bacon and potatoes, or cold bacon and potatoes, and so on at least six days out of seven. But, as soon as I became acquainted with the habits of the sun-fish, I procured a neat circular iron hoop for a net; secured to it a piece of an old seine, and whenever I desired to dine on fresh fish, it was only necessary to take my skiff, and push gently along from one sun-fish nest to another, myriads of which might be seen along all the shore. The fish, of course, darted off as soon as the boat first drew near, and during this absence the



net was placed so as to cover the nest, of the bottom of which the meshes but slightly intercepted the view. Finding all things quiet, and not being disturbed by the net, the fish would resume its central station, the net was suddenly raised, and the captive placed in the boat. In a quarter of an hour I could generally take as many in this way as would serve two men for dinner; and when an acquaintance accidentally called to see me during the season of sun-fish, it was always in my power to lessen our dependence on the endless bacon. I could also always select the finest and largest of these fish, as while standing up in the boat one could see a considerable number at once, and thus choose the best. Such was their abundance, that the next day would find all the nests re-occupied. Another circumstance connected with this matter gave me no small satisfaction; the poor blacks, who could rarely get time for angling, soon learned how to use my net with dexterity; and thus, in the ordinary time allowed them for dinner, would borrow it, run down to the shore, and catch some fish to add to their very moderate allowance.

#### IDLENESS.

IDLENESS, which is the opposite extreme to immoderate exercise, is the badge of gentry, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the stepmother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause, not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases; for the mind is naturally active, and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief, or sinks into melancholy. As immoderate exercise offends on the one side, so doth an idle life on the other. Idleness, as Rasis and Montaltus affirm, begets melancholy more than any other disposition; and Plutarch says, that it is not only the sole cause of the sickness of the soul, but that nothing begets it sooner, increases it more, or continues it so long. Melancholy is certainly a familiar disease to all idle persons; an inseparable companion to such as live indolent and luxurious lives. Any pleasant company, discourse, business, sport, recreation, or amusement, suspends "the pains and penalties of idleness;" but the moment these engagements cease, the mind is again inficted with the torments of this disease. The lazy, lolling race of men are always miserable and uneasy. Seneca well says, "Malo mihi male quam mollior esse" (I had rather be sick than idle). This disposition is either of body or of mind. Idleness of body is the improper intermission of necessary exercise, which causes crudities, obstructions, excrementitious humours, quenches the natural heat, dulls the spirits, and renders the mind unfit for employment. As ground that is untilld runs to weeds, so indolence produces nothing but gross humours. A horse unexercised, and a hawk unfown, contract diseases from which, if left at their natural liberty, they would be entirely free. An idle dog will be mangy; and how can an idle person expect to escape? But mental idleness is infinitely more prejudicial than idleness of body: wit, without employment, is a disease. "Ærugo animi, rubigo ingenii" (the rust of the soul, a plague, a very hell itself): "maximum animi nocumentum." "As in a standing pool," says Seneca, "worms and filthy creepers increase; so do evil and corrupt thoughts in the mind of an idle person." The whole soul is contaminated by it. As in a commonwealth that has no common enemy to contend with, civil wars generally ensue, and the members of it rage against each other; so is this body natural, when it is idle, macerated, and vexed with cares, griefs, false fears, discontents, suspicions, and restless anxiety, for want of proper employment. Vulture-like, it preys upon the bowels of its victims, and allows them no respite from their sufferings.

For he's the Titius, here, that lies oppress  
With idleness, or whom fierce cares molest;  
These are the eagles that still tear his breast.

Idle persons, whatever be their age, sex, or condition—however rich, well allied, or fortunate—can never be well, either in body or mind. Wearied, vexed, loathing, weeping, sighing, grieving, and suspecting, they are continually offended with the world and its concerns, and disgusted with every object in it. Their lives are painful to themselves, and burthensome to others; for their bodies are doomed to endure the miseries of ill-health, and their minds to be tortured by every foolish fancy. This is the true

cause why the rich and great generally labour under this disease: for idleness is an appendix to nobility, who, counting business a disgrace, sanction every whim in search of, and spend all their time in, dissipated pleasures, idle sports, and useless recreations; and

Their conduct, like a sick man's dreams,  
Is formed of vanity and whims.

—Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

#### LIGHT READING.

Ah, this word "light" is the cause of much heaviness. A pound of feathers, it must be remembered, weighs as heavily as a pound of lead. It is a mistake to suppose, that the nearer we approach a vacuum, the more agreeable is the atmosphere. To be "light," in the opinion of most people, is to be ideal. It is most true that the more common the ideas of a composition are, the more numerous will be the audience by whom it will be understood; and this principle seems to guide the advocates of "light" reading and writing. Write that, say they, which shall require the least education and the commonest experience to understand it, and you will write that which must be popular. Compare the merits of Tacitus and Clarendon, and very few know or care anything about the matter. Discuss Pope and Dryden, and your audience is a little more enlarged. Talk of Lord Byron, and your auditors are multiplied by a hundred. Criticise the manners of a dinner-table, and the vulgarities of half-bred pretenders or low-bred Cockneys, and the very housekeepers and ladies-maids can relish your discourse. This is the modern meaning of the term "light," and the principle of the management of more than one popular periodical.—*London Magazine*.

#### OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

INTERSPERSED amongst the more agreeable compliments and "flatteries" of the majority of our correspondents, occurs an occasional remonstrance for our neglect of certain communications. Now, as we rather "pique" ourselves on attention to our friends of the "Letter-Box," we must confess that we dislike being taken roundly to task for supposed delinquencies. In all instances where letters are not answered, our correspondents may rest assured it is for what we consider a sufficient reason; or else the communication is held over, to be better answered than we could do on the instant. Let our impatient correspondents, then, not be too selfish; the "Letter-Box" is the property of all our readers, and we would rather "shut" it, than keep it "open" for the mere gratification of individuals.

"Sir,—In the 61st Number of your Journal, there are a few remarks made on Novel-reading, by one of your Letter-Box correspondents, which has induced me to relate a circumstance which may not only convince the writer that novel-reading may be advantageous, but may likewise be useful to parents and guardians of children, in reclaiming their wayward charges.

"When about eighteen years old, I was an associate of a few youths a little my seniors, whose chief pleasures were cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and poaching. My parents were respectable, but not wealthy; they could not, in justice to my other brothers and sisters, keep me idle, and they grieved to think of the consequences likely to result from the course I was pursuing. Every means they could think of were tried to reclaim me, but in vain. No argument they could use, no reward they could offer, no punishment they could inflict, would induce me to give up my pursuits and attend to my occupation. Things went on in this way for some years, and I was rather getting worse than better. But at last a noble thought struck my mother, who from her education knew the power of reading on the young mind. She got from a library a few good novels, which she pressed me to read. At first I refused—I would not do it. Still she persisted; and as she knew there were a number of little favours which could only be got through her intercession with my father, she perceived that I would be forced, in order to obtain her assistance and gain my purpose, to make the experiment upon which she placed her last hope: and it succeeded. At first I read only a few chapters; but through time I got interested in the tale, and she paid strict attention to the kind that pleased me best. As I finished one work, she had another ready; till at last I gave up my associates, and with them my former pursuits, for such works as she was pleased to lay before me; and my reading, I am happy to say, was not confined to novels.

"At the time to which these remarks refer, I was a hand-loom cotton-weaver. Some years ago, I dropped that occupation, and have since then gone on gradually bettering my worldly condition; and that parent is still alive, happy in the affection of her reclaimed son. Nor do I ever look back upon that period of my life without blessing her, and the first hour in which I took up a novel.

"J. P."

A LADY.—The word "Normal," which has in recent years been applied to schools established as models for the management of other schools by the pupils—in a word, to schools for schoolmasters—is derived from the Italian word "norma," literally a carpenter's rule; and thence, as the word rule in our own language, metaphorically used as a model or pattern. For example, "La sua vita serva a norma a tutti,"—his life was a pattern to all.

A correspondent, who dates from Dundee, and who assumes the cognomen of M'VULCAN, inquires what chemical preparation is used for cleaning marine shells. The best reply we can give is the transcription of the following directions for cleaning shells, given by the well-known naturalist Donovan, in his "Instructions for collecting and preserving Subjects of Natural History." We have altered and condensed the original, but we have preserved the substance, which, as the experience of a well-informed practical man, may be relied upon.

Many shells, such as the cyprea, or cowrie, possess such a natural polish as to need no cleaning, except the removal of any dirt which may adhere to them; and in cleaning others much care is needed, as, by the partial removal of the inferior layers, the appearance of the shell may often be entirely changed; a process too frequently practised by "curiosity dealers," who have various means of "manufacturing" very extraordinary specimens.

Shells encrusted with extraneous matter should be allowed to steep for some time in warm water, both for the sake of moistening those substances, and of extracting as much as possible of the marine salts. They may be suffered to remain in water two or three minutes without any injury. After this, brush them well, observing only that the brush be not too hard. If that prove insufficient to clean them, rub or brush them again with tripoli or emery, or put them into a mixture of from one-sixth to one-tenth part of nitrous acid to five-sixths or nine-tenths of water, according to the exigency of the case; which process may be repeated as often as will be necessary to remove the extraneous matter. Strong soap may also be used, with a rag of woollen or linen cloth to rub them, or a ley of pearlshakes; and when cleansed, finish them with a soft brush and fine emery.

In some cases it may be necessary to use the acid undiluted, but this must be done with great care; the mouth of the shell should be covered with soft wax, and a careful examination should be made with a magnifying glass every time the shell is taken out of the acid, which should be every minute; and if the enamel appears in any spot, it should be coated with wax, to prevent injury when the shell is again submitted to corrosion.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that great caution should be observed in the management of the acid; for it is within our personal experience that permanent injury has been done to the nails of persons cleaning shells carelessly.

In some cases, where the epidermis is very thick, it is necessary to make use of files, or pumice-stone, to get rid of it; and Mr. Donovan says, that even the aid of a grindstone is occasionally needful. When the shell is quite clean, polish it with fine emery, and pass a camel's-hair pencil with gum arabic over it, to heighten the colours; the white of egg is sometimes used, but is very apt to turn yellow with age, though at first it appears glaring; and varnish communicates a disagreeable smell.

Shells which have a natural polish may be rubbed by the hand with chamois leather, which will give them a bright glossy appearance. Avoid, when possible, the use of emery powder, as it is apt to injure the beautiful workings on the shells: it cannot, however, be often dispensed with.

Scientific collectors endeavour to preserve one specimen at least of every shell with the epidermis on, to exhibit its natural appearance.

INQUIRER, PERTH.—The dimensions, tonnage, &c. of an 18-gun brig are as follow:—

			Feet. In.
Length of deck	.	.	100 0
Of keel for tonnage	.	.	77 3½
Breadth for ditto	.	.	30 6
Extreme breadth	.	.	30 9
Depth in hold	.	.	12 9
Burthen in tons, No.	.	.	382
			Feet. In.
Draught of	ter	Light { Forward	6 6
		{ Aft	11 4
	ter	Load { Forward	11 4
		{ Aft	14 7
Height	of	Fore	5 5
		Midship	4 9
		Port	5 10

J. C., GLOUCESTER.—The authorship of the Letters of Junius is usually ascribed to Sir Philip Francis, though he denied it to the last. Those who have

considered the subject think that the circumstantial evidence is strong enough, however, to rebut his denial. He was a schoolfellow of Woodfall's, who printed the "Letters;" during his political life he was placed in circumstances which enabled him to obtain some of the peculiar information which "Junius" exhibited; and his acknowledged productions are considered as having a resemblance in style to that of the "Letters." The "interest" of this literary puzzle has nearly altogether died away.

R. S.—Nitrate of soda is found in layers on the surface of the earth in the western part of South America, and is brought on mules to the coast, where it undergoes a process of refining, so that it never contains more than 5 per cent. of alloy in the original packages in the docks of London, while saltpetre, or nitrate of potash, is brought from the East Indies and Turkey with from 30 to 50 per cent. of alloy. Let our correspondent consult the last number of the Journal of the English Agricultural Society.

ED. S. WILTS, SALISBURY.—The Mosaic account of the creation is the only document referring to the origin of the present world which has any trustworthy pretence to antiquity and authenticity; and all who receive the bible as a revelation, are utterly precluded from the idea that human beings existed on our globe before the creation of Adam. True, learned men have supposed that there might have been "Pre-Adamites;" even in our own day, a book was published by a very clever and extraordinary young man, the late Mr. O'Brien, called "An Essay on the Round Towers of Ireland," in which, amongst other startling things, he affirms that the Saviour had been repeatedly incarnate, and had suffered repeatedly in the flesh, ages before Adam was created; and, moreover, he contends, in his book, that the earth was very populous when Adam was born! There is much in the early history of our world of which we are ignorant, and on which it is possible light may be thrown, especially from the literature of Hindustan, just as the tombs of Egypt have, in these modern days, revealed to us much of which no other record remains. But it is not wise to abandon the known upon a mere speculation on the unknown. The "giants" of the antediluvian time are supposed to be so termed, not from their physical but their moral characteristics—great hunters, great warriors, "men of renown" for violence and blood, rather than remarkable for extraordinary size and strength.

In reply to "A Smatterer," who, in reference to the account of Nicolas Flamel in No. 50 of the Lond. Sat. Journal, suggests that "if it be true, as the experiments of Sir Humphrey Davy and Berzelius appear to prove, that ammonia has a metallic base, and if ammonia can be produced from hydrogen and nitrogen, may it not be inferred that gold may be produced from other known or unknown gases, and that the labours of the old celestials were not so utterly absurd?" we can only reply, that although the wonderful discoveries of later years seem to promise ultimately to lead us so deep into the arcana of nature as to render it not improbable that the exact process by which metals are formed may at some future period be ascertained, yet it does not appear that the facts already known are sufficient to warrant our correspondent's supposition.

The "old celestials" do not appear to have made any approaches to the right path. "The theory avowed by the more recent alchemists is as follows: They believe that the metals were composed of two substances—metallic earth and an inflammable substance called sulphur. Gold possesses three principles in nearly a pure state; in other metals they are more or less corrupted and intermixed with other ingredients. Hence it is only necessary to purify them from these debasements to convert them into gold; and this is the precise object of all the different alchemical processes."

Although at various periods, and even in comparatively recent times, there have been multitudes who have pretended to be in possession of the secret, yet one circumstance seems to give the lie to all their pretensions—none of these gentlemen ever got rich.

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